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POEMS

BY

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M.DCC.LXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

POETICAL ESSAY

ON THE

EXISTENCE

OF

GOD.

PART I.

Πιστεῦσαι γὰρ δεῖ τὸν προσερχόμενον τῷ Θεῷ, ὅτι ἘΣΤΙ.

TO THE

Rev. Dr. BARNARD,

PROVOST OF ETON COLLEGE, &c.

SERVANT of God, thy Maſter's praiſe I ſing;
Aid me, O aid me, while I touch the ſtring:
Lend me one ſpark of thy celeſtial fire,
Thoughts that breathe warm, and numbers that aſpire.
O ſhew me where the ſecret fountain lies,
Which ſtreams of language to thy tongue ſupplies;
Teach me like thee to feel; and give, ah! give
One greater, nobler art; like thee to live.
O BARNARD, vers'd in wiſdom's ancient lore,
And ſkill'd the depths of ſcience to explore;
Whoſe well-tun'd ear rejects with nice diſdain
The grating ſound of each diſcordant ſtrain;

Accept this verſe: beneath thine honour'd name
I ſcreen no ſubject of obſcurer fame:
Great is the theme; but oh! my fainting ſoul
Shrinks from her taſk, nor graſps this wondrous Whole.
Aid me then, aid me, while I touch the ſtring;
Servant of God, thy Maſter's praiſe I ſing.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE FIRST PART.

*General invocation—First Proof of the Exiſtence of God, drawn from the Creation of the World—The Ariſtotelian ſyſtem of the World's Eternity, an objection to that proof—That ſyſtem ſtated—and refuted—*1ſt, *From the lateneſs of Hiſtory, Arts, Sciences,* &c.—2dly, *From the imperfect ſtate of Geography—*3dly, *From the little alteration that is viſible in thoſe objects, which are ſubject to corruption and decay.—Second Proof of God's Exiſtence drawn from the impoſſibility of any thing making itſelf—which introduces the Epicurean ſyſtem—Epicurus's objections to the Wiſdom of God in the Creation ſtated—and refuted.—Third Proof of the Exiſtence of God drawn from the force of Conſcience—An Apoſtrophe to Conſcience.—Fourth Proof of the Exiſtence of God drawn from univerſal Conſent—inſtanced in Pagans—Mahometans—Chriſtians——A Prayer for the Univerſality of the Chriſtian Religion.*

PART I*.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

O THOU, who ſhrined in beams of pureſt light,
Encircled by the bright angelic hoſt,
Thy miniſters, ſurvey'ſt whatever is
In earth, in higheſt heaven, Thee I approach

* It was not the intention of the Author, either in this or the two following Parts, to introduce all the arguments, which have ſo frequently and forcibly been made uſe of on theſe ſubjects; but only to ſelect thoſe which ſeemed moſt adapted to a work of this nature.

With awful reverence trembling: toward thy ſeat
I ſtretch my dazzled eye, if thence a ray
Haply may dart acroſs my feeble ſpirit,
* And touch my lips with fire. Then ſhall the Muſe
Diſdain all humbler themes; and ſoaring far
Above the vapours of this earthly ſphere,
Sound an Arch-angel's trumpet, and proclaim,
'I AM, who was, and is, and is to come.'
Sceptic, if never yet thine eye ſurvey'd
Yon bright empyreal; if thy mind ne'er rov'd
O'er æther's ſpacious plains; look up, and tell
From what exhauſtleſs ſtream the Lord of day
Drinks never-waſting fire; what hidden power

* Then flew one of the Seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand——and he laid it upon my mouth, and ſaid, This hath touched thy lips——

ISAIAH vi. 6, 7.

Wheels

Wheels the bright planets round their central orb?
Who bids the ſilent moon with ſober pace
Steal o'er the ſerene azure: and with ſtars
Spangles the vault of night? Who told the clouds
To drop rich moiſture on the thirſty ſoil?
Who ſhap'd the lightning's nimble wing, and rais'd
The thunder's awful voice? At thy command,
Great Architect, at thy creative word,
Up from the vaſt and ſhapeleſs chaos roſe
Harmonious order. Thee, Thee, mighty Lord,
Even to the center of the formleſs void
Confuſion heard; and, with her thouſand tongues,
'At thy ſtrong bidding,' Diſcord ſunk to reſt.
'Twas then, then firſt, from Night's ungenial womb,
With all her hills, her vales, and ſounding floods,
This goodly Planet ſprung: then firſt the earth

Smiled with delicious verdure; fruit and flower
Scatter'd freſh odours thro the fragrant air;
The vaſt deep roar'd; and on the mountain's brow
The waving foreſt rear'd his ſtately head.
Or ſhall we rather ſay, this ancient globe,
An emanation, which the Eternal Mind
By fate, not freedom, from his eſſence ſhed,
With him coæval, and with him to endure,
Runs on a ceaſeleſs round?——Such was the tale,
That in Lycéum, by the hallow'd grove
Of Academe, the ſubtle Stagyrite
Told his admiring tribe; and drew their minds
'From the Firſt Good, Firſt Perfect, and Firſt Fair,'
To idle dreams of vain philoſophy.
Dreams, which nor haunted on Hydaſpes' bank
The frantic Brachman; nor Phœnician ſeers

Vers'd in high pedigree, and antient lore;
Nor Memphian, tho' the wonder-working prieſt
In myſtic ſymbols 'grav'd on many a ſtone
Her fabulous annals. Let proud Pekin's ſons
Trace her dark records thro a thouſand kings;
But ſhall that haughty empire date her birth
Ere Time his courſe began?—Go, aſk of Earth,
Have thy ſteep hills *for ever* pierc'd the ſkies?
Aſk of the Deep, if ſince his howling waves
Daſh'd the rough rock, *eternal* years have roll'd?
Enquire, if *Everlaſting* be his name?
* Where, if this globe's *eternal*, where are all
Her kings, her patriots? Where, alas! are all
Her antient monuments of arts, and arms,

* Lucretius, Lib. v.

And tales of bleeding heroes? Shall we ſay,
Till Nimrod led his mighty bands to war,
That never chief had hurl'd the pointed lance,
Or drove the winged car? Did never bard,
Till Amram's ſon pour'd forth his raptur'd ſtrains,
Record paſt actions of the brave, and wiſe?
Why uneſſay'd the deep, till toward her ſhore
Aſtoniſh'd Greece ſaw daring Cadmus ſpread
His ſwelling ſails, and from the Tyrian main
Bring peace and ſcience to her ſavage ſons?
Why did no ſage explain, how the white ray,
Refracted by dioptric glaſs, diſplays
Hues indiſtinct before, till Newton came,
Pride of Britannia's iſle? Why flow'd the blood
Unknown, till Hervey thro the united veins
Traced back its genial current to the heart?

Hark,

Hark, how the heroes of imperial Rome
Boaſt their wide empire's univerſal ſway!
To diſtant climes her conquering eagles flew,
To Calpe's hills, to Thule's utmoſt ſhore,
And Ganges, fartheſt oriental ſtream,
Where roſe the morn. But ah! in evil hour
She found what multitudes, who ne'er had felt
Her galling chain, were hid in regions dark
Of ice and froſt; till from their barren caves
The populous North drove all her warrior clans
From Weſer, and from Elbe, to Anio's bank,
And Tiber's frighted ſtream? Have we forgot,
How, ſtrange to tell, the wondering mariner,
Far in the boſom of the weſtern deep
Found worlds unknown before; and from the top
Of Andes, ſaw the Amazonian ſtream

Swoln by the tribute of expanded lakes,
Rivers, and cataracts, thro foreſts wild
Pour his broad floods, and in his rapid courſe
Viſit a thouſand tribes?—And ſhall we call
That world *eternal*, whoſe undaunted ſons
Ne'er circled half her orb? or can we deem
That *everlaſting* ages could have roll'd,
Ere ſome uncheck'd adventurer had defied
The Heſperian foam, and to his hardy crew
Shewn the rich tribute of Potoſi's mines?
Even yet much reſts unknown. The day will come,
When ſome ſad ſhip ſhall roam the Southern main,
With ſails, and enſigns torn; and in the wide
Expanſe of roaring waters, far beyond
Where the ſun turns to viſit northern climes,
Braced by the Antarctic circle ſhall deſcry

Some mighty continent. The ambitious Thrones
Of diſtant Europe 'croſs the line ſhall ſend
Their thronging colonies, and diſturb the reſt
Of peaceful nations. Thee, Iberia, thee,
And thy falſe faith, ſome dying Motezume
Again ſhall curſe, and, with his life, reſign
His wreſted ſceptre to a ſtranger's hand.
Beſides, that's not *eternal*, which tho chance
Can alter, time corrupt, or force deſtroy,
Yet ſtill remains, and fills the curious mind
With proofs of late creation. See what rocks,
What mountains riſe, that caſt their evening ſhade
Far o'er the plain beneath; tho part the wind
Sweep with its wings away; tho earthquakes tear
Their yawning cliffs; tho Time from year to year
Working with ſtealthy, and inviſible hand,

Moulder

Moulder their crumbling ſides, they bend not yet
Their ſummits to the vale. With all his ſnows
Stands Teneriff; and Athos ſtill o'erhangs
The Ægean, ſtudded thick with ſhining iſles,
Cyclad and Sporad. If thoſe lofty hills
Knew no beginning, tho ten thouſand years
But one ſmall grain impair'd, their names, their place,
Had long been loſt; beneath the inſatiate waves
Each atom waſh'd away; * like that fam'd iſle
Fancied of ancient fabulifts, that with all
Her tower-crown'd cities, palaces, and fanes,
Sunk in the boſom of the Atlantic deep.

Whatever is, hear Reaſon's voice, was made,
Or increate. If increate, 'tis God;
If made, by whom? Or was itſelf at once

* See Plato.

Maker,

Maker, and work, productive, and produced?
Vain ſophiſtry! to ſome firſt plaſtic cauſe
Trace then its birth, and that firſt cauſe, is God.
For ſay, could matter by inſtinctive force
Start into ſenſe, and motion? Haſt thou ſeen
The cold dead clod wake into warmth, and life?
Say, did old Ocean with capacious hand
Scoop the deep channel for his roaring waves?
Did the tall mountain by ſpontaneous act
Lift his aſpiring head; or did the moon
By unimparted, and eſſential power,
Mould her bright ſphere, and point her ſilver ſhafts?
Did the free Atoms, in ſage council met,
Debate where each ſhould move? or did they float
Thro tracts of endleſs ſpace, till Chance contrived

This

This order, till from univerſal ſtrife
This univerſal harmony began?
  Who, that on ſome deſerted coaſt beheld
A ſtately pile with antique frieze adorn'd,
Ionic, or Corinthian, who would ſay
That ſtorms had torn it from the mountain's ſide
With all its towers; or think the boiſterous wind
Haply had fix'd it on its ſolid baſe?
Who, but would rather deem that painful art,
Tho now a ſtranger to this ſilent ſhore,
Had poliſh'd every column, every dome,
The moulded architrave, and fretted roof?
  But who is He, that round yon garden bends
His ſteps, and with preſumptuous tongue arraigns
Jehova's works?—I know his hoary hairs;

The

The * Sage of Pleaſure: with the ſons of Greece
I mix, and liſten to his impious tale.

† 'Think not a hand divine could form that globe,
'Where ſcarce a trace of Wiſdom may be ſeen,
'Of Goodneſs, or of Power. For part the ſun
'With direct rays, and fire intenſe, denies
'To human uſe; or dark Cimmerian froſt
'Has hid from mortal habitant: and part
'Vaſt lakes, huge rocks, rough thorns, and barren ſands
'O'erſpread; 'till man with patient care reform
'The ſtubborn earth, and tame the ungenial ſoil.
'Yet then, even then, when all his hopes are high,
'When ripening fruits expect the reaper's ſcythe,
'Oft he bewails the ſcorching heat; or weeps
'To ſee the ſummer's angry ſtorm deſcend,
'And years of labour in a moment loſt.

* Epicurus. † See Lucretius, B. 5.

'What

'What mean thoſe miniſters of vengeance; gout,
'And racking ſtone, and fever's raging fire?
'Why ſhakes the South contagion from his wings?
'While Death, grim tyrant, with unerring hand
'Directs his dart unſeen?—On the bare ground,
'Like the poor ſhipwreck'd mariner, whom ſtorms
'Have caſt on ſome inhoſpitable ſhore,
'The new-born infant lies; thro many a moon,
'Helpleſs and weak, he wails his bitter lot,
'And each ſad hour beholds his artleſs tear.
'Not ſo the tenant of the field: he quits
'His parent's ſide, and wantons o'er the lawn
'Rejoicing: Earth for him ſpontaneous ſpreads
'Ambroſial banquets; and for him the brook
'Winds thro ſequeſter'd vales his amber ſtream.'

Fool,

Fool, waſt thou preſent, when the Almighty ſunk
Earth's deep foundations, and to Ocean ſaid,
'Here thy proud waves be ſtaid;' when firſt the Stars
Chaunted their matin ſong, and Angels cried
'Hoſanna to the Higheſt!'—Thou waſt not there;
But WISDOM was.—Ere yet the earth was made,
Ere yet the mountains were brought forth, or ere
The day-ſpring knew his place, at God's right hand
She ſat, his chief delight. She ſat, and ſaw
His ſpirit moving o'er the watry deep;
Saw genial light, obedient to his call,
Spring from the womb of darkneſs; ſhe beheld
The ground yield graſs and herb, yield fruit and flower,
And Man, imperial Man, the Lord of all,
Riſe from the duſt. She ſaw that all was good,
And with her voice divine ſtamp'd every work.

Think'ſt thou the zone, that girds the torrid ſoil,
Untrod by human ſtep? The pilot, born
Far from the ſun's mæandring path, defies
The burning equinoctial: to the woods
Of hot Bornéo, to Guiana's ſhore,
He ſteers his prow undaunted. Oft within
The frozen circle of the Arctic pole,
He moors his veſſel on ſome northern iſle,
Greenland, or Zembla. There the ſhivering hinds
O'er their bleak mountains roam; nor wiſh to change
Their darkling twilight, and ungenial froſt,
For brighter ſunſhine, or for milder ſkies.
What tho with thorns and ſand the earth be ſpread,
Say, would'ſt thou baniſh painful induſtry?
Say, would'ſt thou wiſh, with folded hands ſupine,
Like thine own Gods to ſit, and doſe away

A life of ſenſeleſs eaſe? What tho the ſtorm
Oft blaſts the planter's hope? drives not that ſtorm
From the purg'd air the putrid peſtilence,
Stalking thro noon-day's heat? What tho diſeaſe
Infect the feeble frame? yet hence ariſe
Cool thought, repentance, hence contempt of life,
And eager hope, that ſprings beyond the grave.
Is death an evil? Tell me, would'ſt thou drag
A lingering dotage of eternal pain,
And, thro ſucceſſive generations, ſhake
Thy hoary hairs, unhonour'd? would'ſt thou wiſh
To fall, ere reaſon be matur'd by time;
Ere each fair object, that around thee ſhines,
Strike thy rapt ſoul with wonder? Think not then
That man can ripen, as the beaſt, which ſoon
Arrives at perfect growth, and ſoon decays:
Nor judge from *Parts* unknown, this wond'rous *Whole*.

Thus Heaven and Earth declare their Maker's praiſe:
Nor theſe alone: but in the human breaſt
A faithful monitor the Almighty placed,
A witneſs of Himſelf.

Come then, the ſcene
Of frantic mirth is o'er: the ſocial bowl,
The midnight frolic, and the ſcornful jeſt,
Are gone; thy youth is paſt, thy ſtrength decay'd,
And all the partners of thy wanton hours
Are ſunk in ſhame, and ſorrow, to the grave.
Come, tell me, did a ſelf-convicted ſoul
Ne'er check thy guilty joys? Did that bleſt Spirit,
Who o'er the ſinner's penitent mind diſtils
His precious balm, ne'er interrupt thy peace,
'Mid the rude ſallies of unholy mirth,
And impure paſſion; while the ſtill ſmall voice
Of Conſcience made the hour of ſolitude

To thee more hideous, than the ſilent watch
Of midnight to the ſleepleſs eye of pain,
Or pining care? O Conſcience, heavenly guide,
Thou, 'mid the ſtorms, and tempeſts of the world,
'Mid the rude blaſts of chilling penury,
In tears of woe, in death's alarming hour
Spread'ſt round the good man's couch thy ſheltering wing,
And all is peace: But oh! how ſharp the pang,
When in the ſinner's agonizing heart
Thou pierceſt deep, and driv'ſt the guilty wretch
Far from the confines of tumultuous joy
To ſcenes of melancholy, and black deſpair!
But whence theſe boding doubts? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
From future ill? If no ſuperior Power
Claims homage, why do fancied evils ſcare
The heart of wiſdom, which to crafty tales

Ne'er yielded tame ſubmiſſion? Gracious Lord,
'Tis Thou, who in the ſinner's breaſt doſt move
With kindlieſt influence; 'tis thy tender rod
That heals his ſoul with medicinal wounds:
The voice of Conſcience is the voice of God.
Thee, univerſal King*, thy peopled earth,
Thro every region, every tribe, adores.
And tho rude Ignorance, with barbarous rites,
And uncouth geſtures, howls her hymn of praiſe;
Tho ſenſeleſs idols, or created lights
Of heaven uſurp thine homage; yet to thee
Their voice is rais'd; to thee their incenſe ſmokes;
To thee in grove and vale their temples riſe.
With feathery crown, and flaming gems adorn'd,

* Nulla gens uſquam eſt, adeo contra leges moreſque projecta, ut non aliquos Deos credat.

The gaudy Mexican from cups of gold
Pours out the captive warrior's reeking blood
At Vitzipultzi's ſhrine; while, with loud ſhouts,
In myſtic maze the virgins of the Sun
Dance round the bleeding victim. Near the banks
Of Zaara, whence the merchant (dreadful trade!)
Comes fraught with ſlavery to Caribbean iſles,
The tawny African o'er Ocean's ſtream
Spreads forth his arms; on bended knee implores
The howling *winds*; and begs the *ſtorm* to drive
The cruel Chriſtian far from Congo's coaſt.
Where Eſperanza to the Indian main
Extends her rocks, the filthy native bows
With humbleſt reverence to the *Moon*: From her
He aſks ripe fruits, and fertile ſeaſons mild;
And ever as ſhe ſwells the impetuous tide,

With antic dances, and rude carol, greets
Her riſing beams. On rich Golconda's walls
Ten tedious nights, and ten long ſleepleſs days,
The ſelf-tormented Bramin ſits; if FO
Well-pleas'd behold his pain, it recks not him
That torn with hooks of ſteel his mangled fleſh
Pours ſtreams of blood, or from his burning head
With livid light the ſpiral flames aſcend.
See, where the turban'd Caliph o'er the fields
Of fertile Syria ſpreads wide-waſting war
And famine; nor can groves of ravag'd palm,
Olives and figs, nor deſolated vines
That crown'd the brink of Pharphar, lucid ſtream,
Nor widow's piercing ſhriek, nor orphan's tear,
Melt his obdurate ſoul: for not the luſt
Of frantic power, or empire unconfin'd,

But burning zeal, and hope of future bliſs,
Arm him with tenfold fury. On he goes
Till vanquiſh'd millions glut his righteous rage;
Then weeps all proſtrate o'er Mohammed's tomb,
While Victory waſhes from her ſavage hands
The blood of ſlaughter'd hoſts.
Theſe, mighty Lord,
Theſe all thy *Being*, and thy *Power* adore,
Thy *Name* unknown. Not ſo in thoſe bleſt climes,
Where thy dear Son has rear'd his croſs. For us
He left the regions of eternal day;
While all the hoſt of Angels carol'd round
'Glory to God on high.' From eaſt to weſt,
Swift as a ſun-beam darts, the tidings flew
Of covenanted ſalvation. Scepter'd kings
In vain conſpir'd to check its rapid courſe,

And Perſecution drew her flaming ſword:
Thy Word, great God, prevail'd.—O may it ſoon
O'er unenlighten'd realms its beams diffuſe!
Then, to his long-lamented home reſtor'd,
The wand'ring Hebrew ſhall rebuild the walls
Of ſacred Salem, and on Calvary's top
Adore his ſuffering Lord. The feaſt of love,
The banquet of remembrance dear, ſhall riſe
In wild ſavannas, and 'mid boundleſs woods.
Then the fierce Arab, who now prowls for prey
O'er ſcorching ſands, ſhall drink the cup of life,
Purg'd in baptiſmal ſtreams; and every tribe
Of ſavage Indians, in the houſe of prayer
Kneel with meek faith, and ſhew *Thy Kingdom come.*

A POETICAL

A

POETICAL ESSAY

ON THE

ATTRIBUTES

OF

GOD.

PART II.

Ὁ Πατὴρ ὑμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς ΤΕΛΕΙΟΣ ἐστι.

ARGUMENT

OF THE SECOND PART.

General addreſs to the Deity—1. *On the* UNITY *of God.*—*On Polytheiſm*—*On Idolatry*—*inſtanced in the conduct of the Iſraelites*—*The Manichean doctrine of two firſt Principles refuted*—2. *On the* ETERNITY *of God*—*on the deſtruction of the idols, and oracles, in the Heathen world*—3. *On the* OMNIPRESENCE—4. *On the* OMNIPOTENCE *of God*—*extended over the whole creation*—*particularly over Man*—*inſtanced in the deſtruction of Pharaoh, and the ſettlement of the Iſraelites in Canaan*—*in the caſe of Nebuchadnezzar*—*God's power exhibited in the Sea*—5. *On the* OMNISCIENCE—6. *On the* WISDOM *of God*—*in the production of various animals*—*in the formation of Man*—*in the faculties of the human mind*—7. *On the* GOODNESS *of God*—*ſhewn in the animal world*—*in the vegetable*—*in the change of ſeaſons*—*in the various products of various countries*—*in providing herbs, &c. for medicine*—8. *On the* VERACITY *of God*—*ſhewn in fulfilling the predictions of his Prophets*—9. *On the* JUSTICE *of God*—*the unequal Diſtribution of Good and Evil an objection to the Juſtice of God*—*that objection anſwered*—*The ſame objection enforced*—*anſwered again, by ſhewing that all theſe inequalities will be adjuſted hereafter*—*exemplified in the ſtory of the Rich Man, and Lazarus*—10. *On the* MERCY *of God*—*the office of Mercy to ſoften the Severity of Juſtice*—*The Redemption of Man undertaken by Chriſt*—*His Mercy in his life*—*and at his death.*

PART II.

ON THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

GOD *is*, and God is ONE; the firſt, the laſt,
'Immutable, immortal, infinite;'
His wonders who ſhall tell? His hand ſupports
The * golden chain, that links a thouſand worlds.
His undivided eſſence fills the realms

* Σειρὴν Χρυσείην. Hom. Il. viii. 19.

Of

Of time, and boundleſs ſpace: His eye ſurveys
Effects far diſtant, ere their cauſes riſe:
His all-pervading mind diſdains the help
Of equal, or inferior: He unmix'd,
Unaided, undirected, uncontroul'd,
Reigns ſovereign o'er his works, and reigns alone.
Ere yet the Sun of righteouſneſs diſpell'd
The clouds of popular error, not a hill,
But on his ſecret top, nor tufted grove,
But deep within embowering ſhades, enſhrined
A tutelary Power. Fauns hence, and Nymphs,
Oread and Dryad, and that rabble rout,
Pan's ſylvan court: beſides what deities
Of mightier name, renown'd in ancient Greece,
Or Phrygia, or Etruria's gloomy vales,
Claim'd *general* homage o'er the ſpacious earth.

Where fam'd Alphëus waſhes Piſa's plain,
Arm'd with his lightening ſtood Olympian Jove,
Of Gentile gods ſupreme. The Thracian bow'd
To Mars, ſtern king of war. The vaſt domain
Of waters earth-encircling Neptune held,
His lot; while Pluto, pityleſs tyrant, ruled
The fleeting ſubjects of his nether world.
O ignorant of truth! One only Power
Rolls his loud thunder thro the lowering ſky,
With lightening wing'd: the ſame dread Lord of Hoſts
Directs the ſpear, and on the warrior's thigh
Girds the ſtrong ſword of conqueſt: roaring winds,
And all the tempeſts of the ſtormy deep,
Obey his voice; and at his vengeful wrath
Fallen Seraphs tremble in the realms of night.
Ah! faithleſs Judah! could'ſt thou then forget

The ſtretch'd-out arm that clave the Red-ſea waves,
That rain'd down Manna on thy wandering ſons,
And led them thro the pathleſs wilderneſs
Far from the houſe of bondage? The ſweet land,
Which flow'd with milk and honey, nectar'd ſtreams,
Refreſh'd thy weary feet. But oh! what mean
Thoſe ſhouts of diſſonance, and frantic mirth,
Round yon grim idol? See thy daughters bow
To devils! See, thy princes bend the knee
To Moloch, and to Dagon! Soon, too ſoon,
Shall ſad captivity, and a ſtranger's land
Receive thee: ſoon thy harp untuned ſhall hang
By Babylon's proud waters; never more,
Till ſeventy tedious moons have twelve times waned,
To ſing the ſongs of Sion. God ſhall riſe,
And vindicate his name; he will not deign

To *ſhare* the ſacrifice of prayer, and praiſe;
For He is ONE; God *ever*, God *alone*.
Yet ſome there are, who ſay, two Principles,
Equal in *power*, in *nature* oppoſite,
Divide the world; Author of *evil* this,
And that of every *good*: that one with froſts,
And noxious mildew blaſts the ripening fruit;
Lets looſe the rage of famine, and of war,
Of tyranny, and wide-waſting peſtilence;
Firm foe to man, prompts the deſponding mind
To deeds of deſperation; arms with ſteel
The dark aſſaſſin of the midnight hour;
And in the full-ſwoln veſſels of the ſoul
Pours luſt, and rage, and rancorous envy: while
The Rival of his reign with gentle ſhowers
Waters the thirſty ſoil; o'er ravag'd fields

Sends peace, ſends plenty; from contagious miſts
Purges the winnow'd air; the drooping ſpirit
Revives with hope's ſtrong cordial; blunts the point
Of the drawn dagger; and diſtills the dew
Of ſoft affection o'er the melting heart.
But ſhall not this divided kingdom fall?
Shall not the world, by adverſe powers convuls'd,
Shake to the center; Or ſubſiſt its laws
Immutable by everlaſting ſtrife?
O fountain pure, from whoſe original ſtream
To beaſt, to man, and all the angelic hoſt,
Flows life, thy being inexhauſtible
End, nor beginning bounds. The motley crew
Of idols, Aſhtaroth and Baälim,
Are fled: no more the Syrian damſels weep
Their loſt Adonis; and the frantic maid

No more hears Delphi, central rock, reſound
With oracles obſcure: Dodona's oaks
Stand ſilent; and deſerted is the fane,
Where dwelt Ammonian Jove. But Thou art ſtill
The ſame thro endleſs ages: earth's ſtrong baſe
Thy hand firſt laid, and ſcoop'd the vault of heaven.
Earth's baſe ſhall ſink, and the high vault of heaven
Shall melt away; but Thou ſhalt ay endure.
Thro the vaſt regions of unbounded ſpace,
O'er all thine elements, o'er all thy worlds,
Thine eſſence ſpreads. What tho the ſinner flee
To foreſt dark, or thickeſt grove, retired
From human ſight? thy never-ſleeping eye
Pierces the gloom, and marks his devious path.
What tho he curtain round his pillow'd head,
Wrapt in the folds of ſleep? about his couch
Thou art; to Thee the darkneſs and the light

Shine with one blaze, and night is clear as day.
O whither then, ſay whither ſhall he go
From thy pervading preſence? Shall he ſoar
To heaven's high towers? but there enthroned thou ſit'ſt:
Or ſhall he ſink into the deep abyſs,
There, where the roots of earth and ocean grow,
Unfathomable? yet ſtill thy Spirit broods
O'er hell's dark womb, and fills the vacant gulf.
Great is the Lord. He, nor confin'd by place,
Spirit ætherial, nor by fate controul'd,
Diſplays the glories of OMNIPOTENCE,
The wonders of his might. When from his throne
He darts the forked lightning; when his voice
Speaks in loud thunder to the ſons of earth;
Huge Ocean trembles thro his world of waves;
The cloud-capt mountains ſmoke; with all his trees,

Cedar,

Cedar, and pine, the lofty foreſt bows.
But Man undaunted ſtands amidſt the ſhock
With vacant, unregarding eye: He fears
Nor rattling elements, nor all the bolts
Of vengeance, tho ſuſpended, ſoon to fall
With threefold force on his devoted head.
Stop, Pharaoh, ſtop. Behold the waves return:
Hark, how the mighty waters round thee roar!
While yon vile ſlaves, ſafe landed on the beach,
Defy thoſe idle threats: the Arabian gulf
Shuts cloſe, and ſwallows thee with all thine hoſt.
Fear not, O Iſrael, fear not: to the land,
(Whence Jacob led thy great progenitors,
To Goſhen, fruitful ſoil,) ſhalt thou return.
There ſhalt thou find nor famine-blaſted plains,
Nor waters priſon'd in the ſteely rock;

But from each pore the gushing stream shall flow
To slake thy thirst; while olives, figs, and vines,
Shall weave their twisted foliage round thy head.
On, Israel, on. Fear not or Eglon's king,
Or Sihon, or the giant form of Og,
Lord of the herds that range o'er Basan's hill;
Fear not, tho all the powerful monarchs leagued,
Even from the river (which in Eden flow'd,
Watering the tree of knowledge,) to the sea,
With waving banners, and confederate spears,
Breathe vengeance. 'Tis thy God, that leads thee on;
'Tis He shall quell the force of Ammorite,
And proud Philistine; He shall speak, and strait
The sun shall stop to hail thy victory,
While half the nations of the astonish'd earth
Shall howl in mid-day darkness. In the land,

The promis'd land, thy kings ſhall ſheath the ſword,
And all thy ſons, and daughters, reſt in peace.
But what is that, which o'er the ſpacious mead
(Where Tigris and Euphrates, mingled ſtreams,
Haſte to the Perſian ſea,) moves ſlowly on,
And paſtures ſorrowing on the verdant graſs?
Is that the great Nebaſſar? is that he
Who round the towering walls of Babylon
Ten thouſand chariots drove; who to the ſpires
Of ſacred Salem led the embattled hoſt;
Who deſolated Jordan's fertile fields,
And laid God's favour'd temple in the duſt?
Alas, how fallen! Learn hence, ye great, ye vain,
Learn hence, ye ſovereign monarchs of the earth,
How impotent your power. The King of kings
Laughs all your pomp to ſcorn, and blaſts the pride

Of viſionary conqueſt; whether thro
Wide pathleſs woods ye ſeek the intrenched foe,
Or tempt the perils of the roaring deep.
With floating pennants, and expanded ſails,
Safe in her port the gallant veſſel rides.
Hark! from each ſide the winding coaſt reſounds;
The ſhip no more is ſeen: far, far from ſhore,
Secure 'tis bounding o'er Biſcaya's bay,
Or thro the ſtraits Herculean. But behold
The ſtorms and winds ariſe, the rains deſcend,
From heaven's wide gate the thunder roars amain;
Where, where is now her ſtrength? ah! what avails
The ſtout fir, harden'd by Norwegian froſts?
What profit now tough cables, towering maſts,
And all the brazen inſtruments of war?

'Tis

'Tis God, who bids his claſhing elements
Confound the pride of man. See, where the deep
Yawns wide! the ſhip, with all her frighted crew,
Down ſinks, and not a wreck is left behind.

As one, who firſt ſurveys the unbounded main,
Pacific, or Heſperian, ſtretches far
His aching eye to where heaven's concave arch
Bends to the waves, yet ſtill nor all the expanſe,
Nor depth conceives; ſo labours the weak ſpirit,
That in the bounds of mortal intellect
Strains to compreſs OMNISCIENCE. Who ſhall ſcan
Thy knowledge, wondrous Lord? or how ſhall dwell
That vaſt idea in created mind?
For not an atom heaven, or earth contains,
Not one wing'd word, nor thought, yet unconceiv'd,
Is hid from thee. The tongue, the heart is thine;

And

And in thy book was written every limb
While yet unfaſhion'd in the plaſtic cell.
From the ſmall inſect, that eſcapes the ſearch
Of microſcopic eye, thro all the tribes
Of this full-peopled globe, thro every ſtage
Of ſenſe, of inſtinct, or of intellect,
To man's imperial race, God's WISDOM ſhines;
But moſt in him, the laſt, the nobleſt work.
Yet boaſt not, Man, thy well-compacted frame,
Thy ſymmetry of ſhape, thy graceful limbs;
How, each to each adjuſted, all perform
Their proper functions; boaſt nor ſtrength in fight,
Nor ſwiftneſs in the race. Can'ſt thou o'ertake
The towering eagle in his courſe? or bid
The famiſh'd lion crouch within his den,
Scared by thy lifted arm? 'tis *Mind*, 'tis *Mind*,

That

That o'er each bird, which cleaves the liquid air,
O'er every beaſt, which ranges wood or wild,
Exalts thee: there in expreſs characters
* Elohim's hand his own bright image drew.
From each fair object to the enthroned Soul,
Like rivers, that with tributary floods
Increaſe old Ocean's ever-flowing ſtream,
The SENSES, faithful miniſters, convey
Their vivid images. The liſtening *ear*
Sounds pleaſing, or of harſher diſſonance,
Leads through her winding channels: hence if fife,
And ſprightly clarion pour their martial moods,
The warrior pants for glory. Down the cheek

* In the Beginning God [Elohim] created the heaven and the earth. GEN. I. 1.

Of

Of penſive Pity drops the melting tear,
When the ſoft lute draws out in plaintive tone
Her pauſing notes of ſorrow. The keen *eye*,
That darts from earth to heaven, each object ſcans,
Hill, vale, or ſhady grove, and on the mind
The juſtly-repreſented landſcape paints
In livelieſt tints. So on the ſhelving bank
Of ſome clear ſtream the wondering ſhepherd ſtands,
And in the mirrour of the level lake
Sees woods, and lawns, exacteſt portraiture,
Reflected to his view. 'Tis thus the SOUL,
Herſelf unmoved, receives her various ſtores.
Then JUDGMENT with ſlow art, and patient ſkill
Sorts each from each, disjoins, unites, compacts
In apteſt ſymmetry; while ſportive WIT
With random hand confounds his painful toil;

And

And ſmiling, to the fancy ſtrait preſents
From grave, and gay, from light, and darkeſt ſhade,
One motley picture. Soon the Mind, o'ercharg'd
With rich ideas, ſeeks a calm repoſe:
And to the MEMORY's faithful care commits
Her ſtill-increaſing treaſures; there for hours,
For years they reſt in ſilence, till drawn forth
By fit occaſion. Hence remembrance dear
Of friends long loſt conſoles the penſive breaſt:
Hence the ſweet ſcenes of innocence and youth,
Renew'd by recollection, pleaſe again:
Vain elſe were human learning, human art,
Vain all the ties of gratitude, and love.

Far as the flaming walls, creation's bound,
Beaſts wild, or tame, which o'er the foreſt range,
Or crop the flowery mead; the finny race,

And that Leviathan, who wont to ſport
In oceans of thick ice: the birds, which ſail
O'er the clear azure on expanded wing,
All, all declare thy GOODNESS. Now the grove
Shoots forth luxuriant foliage, and the earth
Flowers of a thouſand dies: 'Tis *Spring*; and ſoon
Swart *Summer*, waving with his ripen'd fruits,
With ſhining hook will arm the reaper's hand.
Next *Autumn* comes: He, with impurpled foot
Shall tread the preſs, and from the full-ſwoln grape
Extract delicious juice: 'tis he ſhall ſtain
Each verdant leaf in tints of browneſt hue,
Till boiſterous *Winter* with his giant hand
Shakes the diſmantled foreſt, where each branch
Shines ſpangling to the ſun with hoary froſt.
Each change how regular! By God's command

Alternate

Alternate ſeaſons mark the varied year.
He, univerſal Parent, ſtill ſuſtains
All which his word created: fix'd on him
Is every eye; and from his open'd hand
Flows liberal plenty o'er the ſons of men.
Not that each ſoil, or in degree, or kind,
Boaſts the ſame produce. Thro wide fields of rice
Roam the parch'd hinds of India; mantling vines
Spread their ſoft tendrils o'er Burgundian hills.
Sweet is the fragrance which the evening breeze
From orange woods, on Luſitania's ſhore,
Wafts to the weſtern waves: joyous the ſound
When Britain's labouring ſons have ſtrip'd her fields,
And ſing their harveſt done. 'Tis hence each land
By mutual intercourſe, commercial bond,
The wants of each ſupplies. What tho nor gold,

Nor

Nor diamonds flame beneath the Northern ſky,
Nor trees weep odorous gums, yet think not hence
That God with thrifty hand with-holds his ſtores
From half his ſons, and ſcatters o'er the reſt
His partial favours. He, to rouſe the mind
By deeds of bold emprize, gave to each land
Her ſeparate bleſſings. Hence o'er Albion's ſeas
Rides the proud veſſel, fraught with richeſt ſtores
Of Afric, or the new-found Continent.
Even in the wilderneſs his hand has ſpread
A plenteous table; even the ſilent brook,
Mantled with creſſes, to the poor man yields
At once his beverage ſweet, and wholeſome food.
But not with fruits, and wholeſome food alone,
Sweet to the taſte, and pleaſant to the eye,
Earth's lap is fill'd: in ſickneſs, as in health,

O'er

O'er all extends God's ſalutary care.
With toilſome ſtep the peaſant climbs the brow
Of ſome tall mountain; there with ſkilful hand
Culls every herb, each plant of healing power,
Steep'd in the morning dew. Where the higheſt ſun
Darts beams direct on Lima's ſilver mines,
The ſcorch'd Peruvian from the bleeding tree
Strips medicinal bark, and o'er the wave
Sends health, ſends vigour, to the diſtant ſons
Of Britain, queen of waters. From the cave
Of hollow rock, from earth's all-teeming womb,
Burſts in full tide the life-diſpenſing ſtream,
Sulphureous, or chalybeate. Strait the bloom
Of roſy health o'erſpreads the bluſhing cheek;
Strait the wan virgin, who thro many a year
Had pined with ſlow decay, again revives
To ſcenes of ſportive mirth, and tales of love.

Hear, hear, O Heaven, and thou, O Earth, give ear,
'Tis God that ſpeaks. 'Yet once more will I ſhake
'The land, the ſea, the nations.' Thus proclaims
The eternal King: O tremble at his voice,
Created worlds; his TRUTH ſhall never fail.
By him inſpired the Seer ſurvey'd the womb
Of dark futurity. The gaping croud
Stood round, and liſten'd to the ecſtatic ſtrains
In blank aſtoniſhment: but ripening time
Matured each act, and gradually diſplay'd
Scenes long foretold. Thus fell proud Babylon,
Thy ſcourge, O captive Iſrael; thus the walls
Of ſea-girt Sidon; thus Phœnician Tyre;
Thus within Solyma's devoted gates
Were heard dire ſhrieks of horror: round her trench
Hover'd the Latian eagle; in her walls
Raged fell ſedition. Famine urged to deeds

Of

Of frantic violence: till, her temple fallen,
Her warriors ſlain, completed all her woes,
In the ſad hour of each predicted curſe
Sion, the pride of cities, Sion fell.
Fix'd is God's throne on the adamantine baſe
Of JUSTICE: in his hand is pois'd the ſcale
Which weighs his creatures, and to each awards
What each deſerves. Whence then the different lot
Of man and man? Scorch'd by the ſummer's heat
The panting peaſant toils the tedious day,
Till, ſhadows lengthening from the mountain's brow,
His turf-built cot receives him: there he tears
From the reluctant ground his ſlender fare,
And drinks the ſtagnate waters of the pool.
Then on his couch of ſtraw he ſleeps till morn,
And riſes to his labour. Near him ſtands,

Emboſom'd in yon wood of tufted trees
The palace of his tyrant lord: for him
A thouſand courſers neigh; o'er paſtures rich
The milk-white heifers bound; the menial train
Obſerve his nod, and wait his high command.
Yet look once more; that peaſant, hungry, poor,
Who ſows, who reaps, yet taſtes not of the fruit,
With conſcience light, and ſpirits ever gay,
Hies whiſtling o'er the woodlands: coarſe his meal;
But nature aſks not better: hard his bed;
But ſound his ſlumbers: while his pamper'd lord
Sleeps not, tho ſtretch'd on cygnet's down. Remorſe
Drives in his mangled ſpirit her hooks of ſteel,
And each forc'd ſmile is clouded with deſpair.
Yet ſome there are, whoſe unrelenting ſouls
The ſtings of conſcience wound not: On they go

Thro

Thro life's gay flowery path, nor heave one ſigh,
The tribute to their own, or others' woe.
Secure they riot in the pride of health,
And bathe in golden ſtreams. Such once was He,
To ſate whoſe palate ocean pour'd his ſtores,
And earth unlock'd her caves: in thankleſs eaſe
He lived, he died; nor lifted once a prayer
To Him, the giver of all. With upcaſt eyes
And folded hands, ſtill patient tho in pain,
Faſt by the barr'd inhoſpitable gate
Sat pining Lazarus; he ſat, and aſk'd
In the meek tone of modeſt poverty,
The humble pittance of ſome broken meal,
The refuſe of his board, but aſk'd in vain.
Nor all his piercing cries, nor bleeding wounds,
Nor famine, ſtaring thro his haggard eyes,

Could melt the ſpirit of obdurate pride;
He died unpitied. Where was JUSTICE then?
Slept ſhe? or did the ſcabbard hide her ſword,
Canker'd with ruſt? Yet, ſceptic, pauſe awhile;
Arraign not heaven's decrees; the ſcene is chang'd.
See'ſt thou that horrid dungeon drear, and dark,
Whence peſtilential vapours taint the air,
And livid flames aſcend? See, there he lies,
Writhing in agonies, and parch'd with fire:
See there he lies, who rudely from his gate
Puſh'd the poor pathleſs wanderer. He the while
Wafted to realms of bliſs on angel's wing
Looks down, and drops a tear. Yea, mighty Lord,
Juſt are thy works, and *righteous* all thy ways.
The day will come, when each ſhall meet his doom:
But who ſhall ſtand its coming? Virtue's ſelf

Shall

Shall ſhrink appall'd, and tremble at the frown
Of all-conſuming *Juſtice*. Still remains
The laſt, the only refuge. Near the throne
Of God ſtands MERCY. She on bended knee,
With outſtretch'd hand, averts the vengeful ſword
Of Juſtice, rais'd to ſtrike. The King of heaven
Beholds her, and approves. He bids her riſe;
Wipes from her eye the ſympathetic tear,
And owns her powerful influence. Soft the dew
Which evening ſheds on Hermon, favour'd hill;
Soft are the ſtrains, when Pity ſooths Deſpair;
Yet ſofter, Lord, thy *mercy*. But in vain;
Stern *Juſtice* claims her due: the word was paſt
Irrevocable: the high beheſt was given:
Man fell, and Man muſt ſuffer. Who, oh! who
Shall interpoſe? What ſacrifice ſhall bleed?

For ſin ſo foul what victim ſhall atone?
If none, then all is loſt.
'On me, on me,'
Exclaim'd the ſon of God, 'on me alone
'Let all thy wrath be pour'd: theirs was the offence,
'Be mine the puniſhment.' He ſpake, and left
* The golden city's hyacinthine walls;
And thro the middle of the eaſtern gates,
Hewn from one ſolid emerald, as he paſs'd,
The Angel bow'd obeiſance. Earth receiv'd
Her gracious viſitant. By him ſubdued
Legions of ſpirits accurs'd their mangled prey
Reluctant quitted, and with horrid yell
Howl'd hideous: touch'd by him the palſied hand,
Long wither'd, felt his genial warmth return,

* Rev. xxi.

Circling

Circling thro every vein. He ſpake, and ſtrait
From the thick film was purg'd the viſual ray.
Aw'd by his potent word, the grave op'd wide
His marble jaws, and yielded back to life
His putrid dead. But what could all avail?
Inſulted, ſcorn'd, betray'd by thoſe he lov'd,
He fell. Yet bleeding on the accurſed tree,
While the laſt breath hung quivering on his lips,
His *Mercy* ſtill endured. Towards heaven he caſt
The laſt faint glances of his cloſing eye,
Forgive them, O forgive—He bow'd, and died.

A

POETICAL ESSAY

ON THE

PROVIDENCE

OF

GOD.

PART III.

Ἀλληλούϊα ὅτι ΕΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣΕ Κύριος ὁ Θεὸς ὁ παντοκράτωρ.

ARGUMENT

OF THE THIRD PART.

Epicurus denies the Providence of God in the government of the world.—The opinion of ſome other ancient Philoſophers on that ſubject.—The Providence of God proved, 1ſt, from the regular motion of the heavenly bodies—the fatal conſequence of any change in that ſyſtem—2dly, from the Atmoſphere—3dly, from the revival of every thing after Winter—preceded by a deſcription of Winter.—The impoſſibility of vegetation, &c. being reſtored by Chance—4thly, from the propagation of animals, exemplified in birds, beaſts, inſects.—The Calamities, to which the human race is expoſed, would be deſtructive of the ſpecies, without the intervention of Providence—inſtanced in Diſeaſes—Peſtilence—Famine—War—which introduces the 5th proof of God's Providence in repairing this havock—by the propagation—by the preſervation of Man.—The conſideration of God's preſerving Providence, matter of comfort to Men under the ſevereſt afflictions.—Impoſſible to judge of the whole ſcheme of God's moral *Providence from a partial view of it.—The Conqueſts of the Romans an inſtance of God's Providence, who made uſe of them as inſtruments, to prepare Mankind for the reception of Chriſtianity.—The Gift of Tongues—the Propagation of the Goſpel—the declenſion of it, where it formerly flouriſhed—parts of God's plan of Government—A* particular *Providence aſſerted—exhibited in a more viſible manner in the preſervation of Empires—in none more than that of Britain.*

[61]

ARGUMENT

OF THE THIRD PART.

PART III.

ON THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

'DEEP in the Olympian vales, and far retired
'From mortal, or immortal, where the voice
'Of prayer is never heard, nor rolls one cloud
'Of fragrant incenſe, ſits the placid God,
'Or ſtretch'd on Amaranthine beds, diſſolves

'In peaceful ſlumber; there, if haply rous'd
'By roaring whirlwind, or the thunder's peal,
'Wakes to ambroſial banquets, quaffs the bowl
'Of nectar, beverage ſweet, preſs'd from the fruit
'Of thoſe unfading trees, which mantle round
'Heaven's ſloping hills, then ſinks to reſt again,
'Wrapt in the folds of ſleep: For ſleep is eaſe;
'And eaſe is happineſs. To wing the ſtorm,
'To point the bolt of vengeance, ſtill to ſit
'With vigilant eye, leſt fraud, or force aſſail,
'Is this the taſk of Gods? are theſe the joys
'Which death ſhall never end? then happier they,
'Heirs of an hour, who fall to riſe no more.'

Thus ſpake the Athenian; he who taught, that Chance,
Scattering her random atoms thro the void,
Compos'd this wond'rous *Whole*. Vain Sage! can Gods

Delight

Delight in apathy, or ſenſual bliſs,
Contented even *to be?* O happier far,
O far more glorious, o'er the ſons of earth,
O'er all the tenants of a thouſand worlds
To *ſcatter*; to create, preſerve,
To govern with impartial ſway; to check
With deſerv'd chaſtiſement the lawleſs acts
Of violence, of oppreſſion; and to wreathe
Bright flaming crowns of * vegetable gold,
The guerdon fair of virtue's patient toil!
Canſt thou, convinc'd that Deities *exiſt*,
Canſt thou deny their *Providence?* Go then,
Aſk the † Mileſian, if the darkeſt deed

* Ἄνθεμα δὲ χρυσῷ φλέγει
Ἀπ' ἀγλαῶν ἐνδρέων—— PIND. Olymp. 2.

† THALES.——Ἠρώτησέ τις αὐτὸν, εἰ λήθοι θεὸς ἄνθρωπος ἀδικῶν; ἀλλ' οὐδὲ διανοθήμενος, ἔφη. DIOG. LAERT. in Vit. Thal.

Which ever Night wrapt in her ſable veil;
Aſk, if the dawning of the ſimpleſt thought,
Eſcape that Ancient of eternal days,
The * *unbegotten* God? Aſk of the ſage,
On whoſe ſoft lips Hymettian bees diſtill'd
Their choiceſt honey, if that ſubtle Spirit,
Which animates the † *living* Univerſe,
‡ Neglect the race of man? Go to the Porch,
Enquire of Zeno's ſons, whether that globe,
Which, all its moiſture loſt, § ſhall blaze with fire,
Rolls thro the circumambient ‖ Void, as blows

* ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΑΤΟΝ τῶν ὄντων Θεός· ΑΓΕΝΗΤΟΝ γὰρ. IBID.

† Κόσμον—— ΕΜΨΥΧΟΝ εἶναι.

‡ Οἴεται δὲ καὶ Θεὸς ἐφορᾶν τὰ ἀνθρωπίνα. DIOG. LAERT. in Vit. Platonis.

§ —— fore ut ad extremum omnis mundus igneſcat, cum, humore conſumpto, neque terra ali poſſit, &c. CICERO de Nat. Deor. 2.

‖ Ἔξωθεν δὲ κόσμου περιεχυμένον τὸ ΚΕΝΟΝ ἄπειρον.
DIOG. LAERT. in Vitâ Zenonis.

Some

Some caſual blaſt, or hears that * plaſtic Mind
Which made, which moves, which rules the † united frame?
There are, who ſay, that *natural cauſes* act
By *general* laws; that he, who form'd this *whole*,
Stamp'd matter inert with ſuch inherent powers,
That tho in *eſſence* paſſive, yet impell'd
By this original force, it ſtill moves on
Unalter'd, unimpair'd: that not a cloud
Sails o'er the blue ſerene, that not a flaſh
Burſts from the cleft horizon, but receiv'd
Its ſpecial mandate, ere bright Heſper rear'd
His evening torch, or ſpheres began to roll.

* Mundum——habere *mentem*, quæ et ſe, et ipſum fabricata ſit, et omnia moderetur, moveat, regat, &c. CIC. Ac. 2.

† Ἐν δὲ τῷ κόσμῳ μηδὲν εἶναι κενόν· ἀλλ' ΗΝΩΣΘΑΙ αὐτὸν.
DIOG. LAERT. in Zenon.

There are again, who think that every wheel,
Whoſe motion ſpeeds thro ſpace this vaſt machine,
Is ſtill adjuſted, as occaſion calls,
By God's directing hand.—His care appears
Alike conſpicuous, whether from the firſt
He framed this *All*, that not a part ſhould need
His interpoſing power; or whether yet
Orb within orb he guards, leſt haply one,
Lawleſs may deviate from its proper path,
Extravagant. Then fatal were the ſhock
Of diſuniting elements; the world,
Tho now faſt bound by gravitation's chain,
Would burſt, and anarchy again return.

Behold yon Sun, thron'd in meridian height,
Fountain of fire, round which ſix wandering ſtars
For ever roll, and eager to approach

With force centripetal, due diſtance keep,
By adverſe force reſtrain'd: quench but that light,
And univerſal darkneſs ſhall involve
Creation's wide domain. Tho now their times,
Their rounds ordain'd thoſe planets all abſolve,
Check, or accelerate their ſpeed, the ſun
Will ſteep them in a lake of liquid fire,
Or madly they will ſtray exorbitate
Beyond the zone of Saturn. Ill, O earth,
Ill would it fare with thee: thy fruits, thy flowers,
And all that vegetates, and all that lives,
One petrifying blaſt would ſmite to the root,
And ſeas, that roll beneath ſolſtitial heat,
Freeze to their center. See'ſt thou near the Bear,
Or in the Galaxy, faſt by the crown
Of Cepheus, ſcepter'd king, with ſtreaming light,

That ſweeps meteorous half the ſpace of heaven,
Yon roving comet? let him ſhoot tranſverſe,
Thwarting the Ecliptic, where the convex globe
Rolls in her annual courſe, earth, air, and ſeas
Will blaze in dire combuſtion: Is it Chance
Which curbs his ſpeed, and tells him where to roll?
O, no; the expanſe of heaven God's praiſe proclaims,
The firmament his power: day tells to day,
And night to night, his providential care.
Above, around, the ambient air is ſpread,
Denſe, or of rarer texture: thro each pore
The elaſtic fluid wins his eaſy way,
Inviſible: change but the incumbent weight,
Expand it, or compreſs it, leſs, or more,
What then, or who ſhall breathe? Behold the Moon;
Nor cloud, nor rain, her atmoſphere deforms;

Nor miſty fog, ſave ſuch as nightly riſe
From this dank globe, obſcure from mortal eye
Her vales, and lofty mountains. Give but earth
That uniform ſerene, and all that moves
Shall ſink annihilate. Exhalations riſe,
Nor dewy vapours hover round in vain;
Hence life to beaſt, to man: 'tis God commands,
And ſtorms, and raging winds, his word obey.
Stern winter chills the world. From ſnow-top'd hills,
Hæmo and Rhodopè, the ſharp North blows,
And drives the naked Thracian to his cave.
Or from thoſe rocks of thick-rib'd ice, where roams
The ſhivering Savoyard, with intenſer cold
Sweeps o'er Grenoble's champaign to the ſtreams
Of Iſere, and the Rhone. Now to his ſledge,
Where Lapland confines on the Chronian main,

The blighted native yokes his rein-deers; they
O'er many a league of ſnow run panting on
From Kola to Warſuga. To the wind
The crackling foreſt roars: the leafleſs elm
Spreads o'er the frozen ſtream her bare broad arms;
And that tall oak, which on the mountain's brow
Three hundred ſummers ſtood, beneath whoſe ſhade
Fathers, and ſons, had led the ruſtic dance,
Falls ponderous down the riven precipice,
Uptorn. Returning from the Bothnian gulph
The ſailor in the horizon's utmoſt verge
Oft ſpied her top rejoicing; on the helm,
'Britain,' the pilot with loud ſhout exclaim'd,
And, 'Britain,' all the exulting crew replied.
Shall Nature's chearful face no more be ſeen?
Shall froſt eternal bind the barren earth,

And

And mock the toil of man? or ſhall blind Chance
Call from the teeming ſoil, fruit, herb, and all
Her vegetable ſtores? The putrid clod
Now ſoftens by mild Zephyr's tepid breath,
And down from hoary hills the melted ſnow
Falls in far-ſounding cataracts. The blade
Shoots thro the looſen'd glebe: on the ſoft green,
Aching from deſolation's ravag'd ſcenes,
The wearied eye repoſes. O'er the main,
Lured by the genial breeze, the feather'd tribe,
That fled for ſhelter to a milder ſky,
Return ſpontaneous. Now thro every grove
They chaunt their nuptial ſong, and in the depth
Of ſome cloſe-tangled brake, or on the ſide
Of coving cornice, or beneath the tile,

Safe

Safe from the dropping eaves, ſuſpend their neſt,
Ingenious artiſts. Could the dainty hand
Of her, inventreſs of mechanic powers,
Minerva, or Cecropian Pallas nam'd,
Vie with theſe heaven-taught architects? With wool,
And twiſted hair, ſome line their downy beds,
And weave their walls with moſs: others with clay,
More hardy, pave the floor, and fence the ſides
With platted twigs; while birds of ſmaller wing
Arch o'er their heads a pendant roof, to ſave
Their unfledg'd brood, which ill could bear the damp
Of April's chilling ſhowers. Theſe all obey
God's firſt command, *Increaſe and multiply*;
Theſe for their new-hatch'd offspring, or from plain,
Or pathleſs wood, or from the ſedgy ſide

Of

Of ſtagnate pool, ſelect their ſlimy food:
All but the * Oſtrich: ſhe, poor thoughtleſs bird,
Leaves her neglected eggs, nor recks it her
Tho ſome deep-laden camel, or the foot
Of caſual pilgrim cruſh them. Yet even theſe
Not unregarded lie: the genial ſun
With rays prolific warms them, till the birds
Burſt from their ſhell, and ſoon outſtrip the courſe
Of ſwifteſt Arab on his fiery ſteed.

Behold the ſwarms which wing the liquid air,
Or people the green mead! The niggard ant,
Sagacious inſect; the ſlow-creeping ſnail,
Who bears her ponderous houſe from bough to bough,
The loyal bee, the ſpider, who beneath
Some lonely rafter weaves her fine-ſpun woof,

* Job xxxix. 14.

And

And millions more, that in this ample world
Unnotic'd and unnamed claims each his place,
God's general plan fulfil. By him impell'd
They propagate their ſtock; by his command
They drive each bold invader from their young,
Arm'd with new courage by parental fear.
But who, O Man, who ſhall preſerve thy kind?
From Plague, from Famine, from the avenging Sword,
What ſhall protect thy race? Shall active Chance
Repair the breaches of devouring war?
Shall Chance ſupply freſh ſtores to propagate
Succeſſive generations? With the feaſt,
Where riots jocund youth, Intemperance
Mixes his ſubtle poiſon. In the blood,
Till waken'd by maturing time, the ſeeds
Of many a miſchief ſleep; and from the ſire,

With life imparted, to the ſon deſcend,
Fatal inheritance! joint-racking gout,
Conſumption, cankering on the virgin's cheek,
And moping melancholy, and frantic rage,
That ſpurns controuling reaſon; and what elſe
From accident on flood, or tented field,
Severs the mangled limbs. But who ſhall count
The corſes, reeking to the putrid air,
When born on Auſter's wing the peſtilence
Viſits afflicted nations? Such as once
When the deſtroying Angel ſmote the tribes
Of humbled Iſraël, what time Jeſſe's ſon
From Aſcalon to Gilead, from the mount
Of northern Lebanon to the Aſphaltic lake,
Number'd his populous hoſts. Such too the ſcene,
When Lacedæmon pour'd her hardy troops

O'er mourning Attica. Such in thy ſtreets,
Auguſta, Britain's pride, the ſhrieks of woe,
When thy dead citizens ſtrew'd every path,
An undiſtinguiſh'd heap: the famiſh'd hounds
Bark'd diſtant; and the hungry birds of prey
Fled ſcreaming to the woods for purer air.
Nor theſe alone the dangers, which beſet
The mortal pilgrim, wandering thro the vale
Of tears, and pain, and ſorrow, yet upheld
By that inviſible hand, which ſtill ſupports
Man's feeble race, and from extinction ſaves
His undiminiſh'd progeny: for ſee
The fruits are blaſted in their bud; the boughs
Droop with their ſickly leaves; the barren earth,
Impenetrable by ſun, or ſofteſt ſhower,
Hoards all her ſtores: as when the Ægyptian dearth,

Reveal'd

Reveal'd by two prophetic viſions, ſpread
To Beërſheba from the land of Nile,
And the great Patriarch, with all his tribes,
Settled in Rameſes. Nor leſs the grief,
When by the brook of Cherith ravens fed
The wandering ſeer, till in Sarepta's walls
He found the cruiſe of never-waſting oil,
Shelter'd beneath the hoſpitable roof
Of that Sidonian, who for his repaſt
Pour'd forth with liberal hand her ſcanty ſtores.
But who, oh who, ſhall the dread landſcape paint
Of deſolation, when the lawleſs ſons
Of war come pouring o'er the cultur'd plains,
Tartar or Coſſac, and in one ſhort hour
Confound the toil of ages? Now the din
Of claſhing armour, helm and plated mail,

Is heard no more; but engines fraught with fire
Sweep o'er the field whole legions! * Now, even now,
From North to South, to Marmora's white cliffs
Convuls'd Europa from the Baltic ſhakes
Thro all her kingdoms. In the crouded ſtreets
Of ſad Byzantium to each moſque repairs
The turban'd multitude, and every dome
Re-ecchoes 'Allah, Allah!' Now prepares
The vengeful Spaniard yet again to rouſe
The ſleeping rage of Britain, and renew
War's bloody buſineſs. But, great Lord of hoſts,
And thou, O bleſſed meſſenger of peace,
Knap every ſpear in twain, and fill their ſouls
With mild benevolence, and ſocial love!

* Written in November, 1770.

He,

He, mighty God, whoſe providential eye
Looks down upon the meaneſt of his works,
'Midſt every natural, every moral ill,
Preſerves the human race. He ſows the ſeeds
Of charity, which melts the obdurate ſoul;
He draws by ſecret cords the ductile heart
Of ſex to ſex. When now the purple glow
Spreads o'er the virgin's cheek, for ſome ſoft youth
She ſighs in ſecret; all the tender names
Of mother, and of ſiſter, pleaſe no more:
On him her hopes are fix'd; with him ſhe longs
To travel hand in hand down life's ſteep vale,
And ſhare with him health, ſickneſs, bliſs, or woe.
O happy they, whom tendereſt love unites
In bonds connubial, where each thought is ſpelt,
Each wiſh prevented, and each glance explain'd!

But lawleſs luſt has quench'd the nuptial torch
In diſcord's bitter ſtreams. The impatient dame
Beholds her Lord with alienated eye,
Smiles at the ſcoffs of fame, and quits her houſe,
Her babes, without a bluſh, without a tear.
But what avails to propagate the race,
If none preſerve? Say, can the new-born child
By reaſon, or by ſtrength, direct his way,
While weak the tottering body, while the mind,
With not a character engrav'd, preſents
One univerſal blank? Yet then thy hand,
Great God, ſupports his ſteps, and guides his feet.
Vain elſe were human ſkill; vain all the care
Of the fond mother, who with downcaſt eye,
And ſmiles of tendereſt love, bends o'er her babe,
Whiſpering low ſtrains that lull to ſoft repoſe.

Thus he who made, preſerves: the common fire
Of all, for all provides. What tho the fig
Fall unconcocted from the blaſted bough,
Tho ſweltering Sirius ſcatter thro the land
Diſeaſe, and rank contagion; tho the din
Of war ring dreadful on the clanging ſhield,
Still thou rejoice, O Man: thy Maker *reigns.*
And yet, myſterious are the ways of heaven:
God's counſels dark. He, thro a regular maze
Of cauſes, all connected, tho unſeen,
Conducts each great event. From age to age
By ſlow gradation imperceptible
It ſtill advances; till arrived at laſt
To full perfection, it diſplays the depth
Of that unfathom'd wiſdom, which contriv'd,
That Providence, which, watching every ſtep,

Finiſh'd the wond'rous plan. The ſons of men,
Whoſe puny generations paſs away
In quick ſucceſſion, and fill up the time
'Twixt the commencement, and the accompliſh'd end,
See but one link of that ſtupendous chain,
And wonder what ſupports it; but at length,
The whole compleat, each well-adapted part,
Each nice dependence, each connection juſt,
Appears in full proportion, and broad light.
What means Quirinus? Shall thoſe lowly huts
Change to imperial towers? Thoſe vagrant clans,
The ſhame, the refuſe, of each nation round,
To conquerors of the world? Vain thought! and yet
So wills the King ſupreme. The Gabian yields,
The Tuſcan falls, the Sabine joins his powers,
And even from Arno to Tarento's gulph

All Italy obeys. Yet what avails?
Beyond the confines of the middle ſea
Nations remain unconquer'd. Spread the ſails:
Stretch to the Libyan ſhore; great Carthage there,
Skill'd in commercial arts, and bold in war,
Defies thy threats; great Carthage falls. And now
The towering Eagle o'er Numidia's ſands,
O'er Ægypt's fertile fields, o'er Perſia's ſea,
To Indus, and to Ganges bends his flight.
Thence, to north-weſt, thro Edom's palmy groves,
He circles all the Levant coaſt, and o'er
The Ægean waves, from leſſer Aſia's hills,
O'er Greece, o'er Thrace, and humbled Macedon,
Directs his airy path, and, as he flies,
Bids every vanquiſh'd nation bend the knee
To Rome's majeſtic tyrant. Science too

Darted her bright beams on the Latian towers,
And with ſoft manners humanized the ſoul.
'Twas hence to many a ſavage lawleſs horde
The generous conqueror gave the refin'd arts
Of ſocial life, and taught them what the rights
Of civil polity, the charities
Of ſweet domeſtic union. Thus compact
In one great empire, bound by every tie
Of fear, of love, of mutual intereſt,
The kingdoms bow'd to Rome. But whence, O whence
This grandeur, ſuch as ne'er before was known
In Babylon, or Niniveh's proud walls,
[Names fam'd of old? Say, were theſe mighty deeds,
Unparallel'd even in romantic tale,
The genuine fruits of more than mortal ſtrength?
Or was it He, the Capitolian Jove,

To

To whom thine incenſe ſmoked, who bound thy ſpear
With victory's green palm, and bad thee lead
Reluctant monarchs up the ſacred hill,
To grace thy pompous triumph? Roman, no;
That idol, which thy ſuperſtitious ſoul
Fear'd and ador'd; that idol, which thine hand
Hew'd from rough ſtone, or caſt in fuſile gold,
Had ears, but heard not; nor could all thy force
Have rear'd that column of imperial power,
But that the God, who moulds the ductile heart,
And ſways man's will, to his own glory turn'd
Thy pride, thy martial rage: He choſe thee out,
An inſtrument moſt apt, to execute
His gracious purpoſe, and with all thy ſtates,
With all thy tributary thrones, receive
The meſſenger divine of peace and love.

He came; the wond'rous ſtory ſoon was known
In every nation, and in every clime,
Where Rome had rais'd her banner. Hark! what means
That roaring ſound? Was it a northern blaſt
Ruſhing impetuous from his ſeven-mouth'd cave?
No; 'twas the Spirit ſpake. The faithful ſat,
Waiting their promiſed Comforter; when each
Unpractis'd in a foreign phraſe, at once
Spake every language; nor in accent ſtrange,
And dialect uncouth, as one who firſt
Holds painful converſe in a ſtranger's land,
But in peculiar diction, and ſweet tones
Harmonious. In mute ſilence ſtood the croud,
And marvell'd what it meant; Arabians, Cretes,
Phrygians, and Elamites, and they who ſpread

From

From Tigris to Euphrates, and the ſlaves
Of Cappadocia, Lydians, Parthians, Medes,
And tenants of Cyrene, torrid ſoil.
'Are theſe,' ſaid they, and on each other gaz'd
In awful admiration, 'theſe the words
'Of rude, unletter'd peaſants? are theſe they,
'The pilots of the Galilean lake,
'Who plied their humble craft, and bent their oar,
'Undiſciplin'd in ſcience? does the art
'Of potent magic, of Theſſalian ſpells,
'Cheat our deluded ſenſe with fancied ſounds?
'Or has new wine inſpired their ſpecious tongues
'With random oratory? It is not art
'Cheats our deluded ſenſe with fancied ſounds;
'Nor is it wine inſpires: for ſcarce three hours
'Have paſs'd, ſince firſt the morn with orient light

'Dawn'd

'Dawn'd o'er yon hill of Olives; and the voice
'Of ſober reaſon, of perſuaſive truth,
'Pierc'd our relenting hearts. Ye holy men,
'Yes, we confeſs that Jeſus roſe again,
'That your Meſſiah reigns. Ye holy men,
'Lead us, O lead us, to ſome hallow'd fount,
'And in baptiſmal water purge our ſouls,
'Till we be pure as ye.' They ſpake, they bow'd
With loweſt reverence, and to diſtant climes
Proclaim'd the wond'rous tale; while Antioch ſaw
The faithful Patriarch of the riſing ſect
Unite his votaries in their maſter's name.
But oh the change! Tell, gracious Governour,
Tell, for thy ways are hid from men, and all
Thy counſels, like thy throne immoveable,
Are wrapt in clouds and darkneſs, why, where once

Repenting

Repenting nations at the feaſt of love
Sat, and remember'd their departed Lord,
Reigns Mecca's bold impoſtor? In thoſe ſtreets,
Whence the great Conſtantine with holy zeal
Drove Rome's barbaric idols, Chriſtian, tread
With cautious ſtep; rude hiſſes ſhalt thou hear,
And ſavage taunts malicious. Syria weeps
To ſee the creſcent ſtreaming thro her vales;
And Abana, tranſparent flood, which waſh'd
Full many a convert, rolls her mournful tide,
Lamenting the ſad change. Even from the verge
Of that bleſt monument, where lay the bones
Of his ſepulcher'd Lord, the Saracen
With cruel rage, and ſcorn indignant, drove
The way-worn pilgrim. Then, oh then, in vain
Fought lion-hearted England, and France ſpread

His

His ſocial ſails: in vain ſtout Godfrey rear'd
His banner, while ten thouſand croſſes blazed
Thro' all the faithful ſquadrons: ſtill prevail'd
The inſulting Infidel.—And yet the day
Shall come, when every nation of the earth
Shall bend with reverence at their Saviour's name.
That day knows no man: He alone can tell,
Who, with wiſe providence, and ſovereign ſway,
Conducts, controuls, accelerates, delays,
Events, conceal'd from mortals; He alone,
Who bad four thouſand ſummers roll, or ere
He ſent his Son, tho promis'd long before
Ev'n to the ſire of men, when to bleak ſcenes
He led his weeping tempter, doom'd to toil,
Nor dared look back on Eden's blooming bowers.

There are, who own that o'er the *general* plan,
The firſt great Architect, intent to guard
His favourite works, yet watches, but diſdains
The *partial* care of each. Mark then the event:
Of *Individuals Generals* are compoſed;
If one exiſts, unnotic'd by the eye
Of heaven, why not another? why not all?
In that vaſt volume, where recorded lie
Creation's acts, in faireſt characters
Is regiſter'd whate'er was made: nor bone,
Nor vein, nor branching ſinew, but is rang'd
In order due: nor hair, nor colour'd plume,
Nor inſect's painted wing, but in its page
Is claſs'd, and claims protection from its God.
And ſhall not he, who numbers all his ſtars,
Who counts each ſand, and every wave that rolls,

Explore

Explore the human heart? The Lord of *All*
Is Lord of *every one*; his hand is ſtretch'd
O'er *each*; *each* feels his providential care.
But chief o'er States his tutelary power
Extends. Some ſink, an unreſiſting prey
To deſpicable conquerors; others ſtand,
Tho human ſkill, and mortal ſuccours fail;
Safe 'gainſt united legions. Thus fell Rome;
To reſcued freedom thus Batavia rais'd
Seven ſocial altars; thus Britannia ſits,
Thron'd like a ſcepter'd Sovereign, in the midſt
Of tributary ſeas. Thou, gracious Lord,
Full oft haſt ſav'd her from the invader's arm,
From anarchy's wild uproar, from the chain
Of galling ſervitude. Thou, when the land,
By civil diſcord torn, ſaw half her ſons

Lie weltering in their blood, her nobles ſlain,
Her monarch in the duſt, thou didſt remove,
Safe from the uſurper's arm, the ſhelter'd branch
Of blaſted royalty, and in due time
Tranſplant it to the hereditary throne,
When tyranny, and democratic rage
Yielded to peace, and order. Thou, when zeal,
And frantic bigotry untied the bonds
Of plighted faith, and from his forfeit crown
Exil'd her ſovereign, on the vacant ſeat
Didſt place that Guardian Monarch, who ſecured,
Safe from each inroad of deſpotic ſway,
Her fair inheritance. O may'ſt thou ſtill
Protect this iſle! Pour all thy bleſſings down
On HIM, THY PEOPLE's SHEPHERD! O defend
Our laws, the wiſdom of a thouſand years!

Preſerve

Preſerve thine altars; let that holy flame,
Fed by the blood of many a martyr'd Saint,
Blaze with unclouded luſtre. Long the yoke
Had gall'd our fathers: from his awful chair,
Fenc'd by an hoſt of Monks, and bearded Friars,
The Pontiff fulmin'd o'er the proſtrate world,
Infallible; nor ceas'd, till all the rights
Of civil, of religious freedom, bow'd
To venal diſpenſation. Then aroſe
The unbending ſpirit of Luther. He alike
Diſdain'd the Papal, and Imperial threats,
And to his wondering votaries firſt diſplay'd
Thoſe ſacred treaſures, long, too long conceal'd,
The covenants of ſalvation. Albion ſaw
The glorious ſtruggle of Germania's ſons,
And caught the ſacred fire. Ah! bloody Queen,

Ah! woman, who, with unaverted eye,
Could'ſt view the pityleſs flames wrap round the fleſh
Of age, and innocence, let me not write
Thy name, nor blot my chaſte page with a curſe
Call'd on thy gloomy Spaniard! Drag'd, ſad ſcene!
Drag'd by his hoary hair, old Latimer
Embraced the fire; while Ridley, by his ſide,
Conſoled the venerable ſage, and fell
Exulting, tho in pain. Confin'd in ſmoke
The ſullen flame conſum'd by ſlow delay
Meek, patient Hooper; while, with ſteady look,
Undaunted Cranmer o'er the fatal pile
Stretch'd his apoſtate hand. Ye murder'd ſaints,
Once faithful feeders of your maſter's flock,
But now the ſeal'd of God, your race is run,
Great is your meed in heaven. Yet oh! look down,

Nor ſpurn the praiſe of men, from whoſe freed ſouls
Ye ſhook Rome's galling ſhackle. Oft to you
Poſterity ſhall raiſe the choral hymn;
Still ſhall your acts ſurvive, ye faithful band,
In memory's grateful records. For the ſea
Shall ſooner round theſe ramparts ceaſe to roar,
Sooner this iſle ſhall in the Southern main
Fix her deep roots, than Britons e'er forget
That faith, thoſe rights, for which their fathers bled.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, Eſq;

ON THE

ENGLISH POETS,

CHIEFLY THOSE, WHO HAVE WRITTEN IN BLANK VERSE.

Si ſapis, ad numeros exige quidque ſuos.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, Eſq;

NO not in rhyme. I hate that iron chain,
Forg'd by the hand of ſome rude Goth, which cramps
Reluctant Genius, and with many a fold
Faſt binds him to the ground. Shall the quick thought,
That darts from world to world, and traverſes
The realms of time, and ſpace, all fancy-free,

Check'd in his rapid courſe, obey the call
Of ſome barbarian, who by ſound enſlav'd,
And deaf to manly melody, proclaims,
" No farther ſhalt thou go" ? Pent in his cage
The impriſon'd eagle ſits, and beats his bars;
His eye is rais'd to heaven. Tho many a moon
Has ſeen him pine in ſad captivity,
Still to the thunderer's throne he longs to bear
The bolt of vengeance; ſtill he thirſts to dip
His daring pinions in the fount of light.

Go, mark the letter'd ſons of Gallia's clime,
Where critic rules, and cuſtom's tyrant law,
Have fetter'd the free verſe. On the pall'd ear
The drowſy numbers, regularly dull,
Cloſe in ſlow tedious uniſon. Not ſo
The bard of Eden; to the Grecian lyre

He tun'd his verſe; he lov'd the genuine muſe,
That from the top of Athos circled all
The cluſtering iſlands of the Ægean deep,
Or roam'd o'er fair Ionia's winding ſhore.
Poet of other times, to thee I bow
With lowlieſt reverence. Oft thou tak'ſt my ſoul,
And waftſt it by thy potent harmony
To that empyreal manſion, where thine ear
Caught the ſoft warblings of a Seraph's harp,
What time the nightly viſitant unlock'd
The gates of heaven, and to thy mental ſight
Diſplay'd celeſtial ſcenes. She from thy lyre
With indignation tore the tinkling bells,
And tun'd it to ſublimeſt argument.
Sooner the bird, that uſhering in the ſpring
Strikes the ſame notes with one unvarying pauſe,

Shall vye with Philomel, when ſhe purſues
Her evening ſong thro every winding maze
Of melody, than rhyme ſhall ſooth the ſoul
With muſic ſweet as thine. With vigilant eye,
And cautious ſtep, as fearing to be left,
Thee PHILIPS watches, and with taſte refin'd
Each precept culling from the Mantuan page,
Diſdains the Gothic bond. Silurian wines,
Ennobled by his ſong, no more ſhall yield
To Setin, or the ſtrong Falernian juice,
Beverage of Latian chiefs. Next THOMPSON came:
He, curious bard, examin'd every drop
That gliſtens on the thorn; each leaf ſurvey'd
Which Autumn from the ruſtling foreſt ſhakes,
And mark'd its ſhape, and trac'd in the rude wind
Its eddying motion. Nature in his hand

A pencil,

A pencil, dip'd in her own colours, plac'd,
With which the ever-faithful copyiſt drew
Each feature in proportion juſt. Had Art
But ſoften'd the hard lines, and mellow'd down
The glaring tints, not Mincio's ſelf would roll
A prouder ſtream than Caledonian Tweed.
Nor boaſt wild Scotia's hills, and pleaſant vales,
One bard of freedom only. While the North
Turns his broad canvaſs, his Siberian van,
Winnowing the noxious air; while luxury breathes
Delicious odours o'er her treacherous meal;
While labour ſtrings the nerves, and warms the blood;
While ſocial ſympathy diſſolves the ſoul
In pity, or in love, ſhall ARMSTRONG pleaſe.
Sweet is the ſound, when down the ſloping ſide
Of ſome green hill, or on the ſcented herb

Steep'd

Steep'd in Aurora's aromatic dews,
The full-voic'd choir their emulative notes
Tune to the jocund horn. Whoe'er thou art
Whom now on downy couch dull ſloth detains,
Hark to the poet's ſong. Chaſte Dian's bard,
Avonian SOMERVILLE, thro many a wood,
Down many a craggy ſteep, ſhall hurry on
Thy glowing fancy. He ſhall ſhew thee where
The amphibious otter, where the wily fox
Hides his proſcribed head. Freſh from the chace
Oft ſhall ſome hunter o'er full bowls record
His verſe, and with the faithful image fir'd
Exalt his loud-ton'd voice. The ecchoing hall,
Where blaze the roots of elm, or oak, where round
Hang all the ſhaggy trophies of the field,
Shall ring reſponſive to the vocal ſtrain.

As

As when red lightning cleaves the clouded ſky,
Trees, rocks, and verdant fields, and ſtraw-roof'd cots,
At once are open'd on the traveller's view
Wandering at lateſt eve; but ſoon again
The pierc'd cloud cloſes, and each object ſinks
In darkneſs, as before; ſo burſt thy ſtrains,
And caſt a tranſient gleam, O muſing YOUNG,
O'er black obſcurity. Poet of night,
How ſhall I ſtile thee? for thy cadence now
Grates diſcord on mine ear, now ſweetly flows
Harmonious: oft with wonder have I ſought
What mean thy words ambiguous; oft my ſoul,
Sooth'd by thy penſive minſtrelſy, forgets
Her peeviſh cenſure. Poliſh what is rude,
Illumine what is dark, whate'er is low

Exalt, and many a muſe of fairer fame
To thee ſhall bend the laurels of her brow.
Come, AKENSIDE, come with thine Attic urn
Fill'd from Ilyſſus by a Naïd's * hand.
Thy harp was tun'd to freedom; ſtrains like thine,
When Aſia's lord bor'd the huge mountain's ſide,
And bridg'd the ſea, to battle rous'd the tribes
Of ancient Greece: the ſons of Cecrops rais'd
Minerva's ægis; Lacedæmon ſent
Her hardy veterans from their frugal board,
Thy troops, Leonidas; whoſe glorious death
Stands ay renown'd, fit theme, in Britiſh ſong.
Tell me, O MASON, will thy liberal ſoul

* Alluding to the Hymn to the Naids.

With

With tame ſubmiſſion hug the chain, and brook
Barbarian bondage? Shall the Muſe, who led
Thy youthful ſteps thro every boſky bourn
That ſkirts wide Harewood's foreſt, and before
Thy raptur'd eye rais'd Mona's central oak,
Haunt of the Druids old, implore in vain?
Wilt thou not join, and from her gall'd feet ſhake
The Northern ſhackle? So to every walk
Which thro thy garden weaves its mazy path,
To every opening glade, each odorous ſhrub
That ſcents the horizon round, ſhall ſhe conduct
Her muſing votary: ſo ſhall ſhe unfold
Rude nature poliſh'd, not ſubdued, by art,
Scenes, where thy fancy roves; and all her flowers
Steep in the living fountains of the ſpring,
To wreathe a chaplet for her poet's brow.

Would

Would I could name thee, GRAY! but Ode is thine,
And plaintive Elegy. Not Pindar ſoars
On bolder wing—But hark! what means that bell
At this ſtill hour flow riſing on mine ear?
It is the voice of death*. Even while I write,
Cold icy dew-drops chill thy languid limbs,
And life's ſhort date is out. From theſe high ſpires,
" Theſe antique towers, that crown the watry glade,"
Theſe fields, that ecchoed to thy moral muſe,
Warbling in childhood's happieſt hour, accept
This boon; and, O ſweet melancholy bard,
Reſt to thy cares, and mercy to thy ſoul!
Return, my Muſe; thy wild, unfetter'd ſtrains
Suit not the mournful dirge. Rhyme tunes the pipe

* This was written at the time of Mr. *Gray*'s death. He was buried at Stoke, about three miles from Eton College.

Of querulous *elegy*; 'tis rhyme confines
The lawleſs numbers of the *lyric* ſong.
Who ſhall deny the quick-retorted ſound
To *ſatire*, when with this ſhe points her ſcorn,
Darts her keen ſhaft, or whets her venom'd fang?
Pent in the cloſe of ſome ſtrong period ſtands
The victim's blaſted name: The kindred note
Firſt ſtamps it on the ear; then oft recalls
To memory, what were better wrapt at once
In dark oblivion. Still unrival'd here
POPE thro his rich dominion reigns alone:
POPE, whoſe immortal ſtrains Thames echoes yet
Thro all his winding banks. He ſmooth'd the verſe,
Tun'd its ſoft cadence to the claſſic ear,
And gave to rhyme the dignity of ſong.

* As when the chearful bells ſome wake proclaim,
The village maid loads not her head with gems,
Ruby, or diamond, but from every field
Culls daffadills, and harebells, ſprent with dew,
Her lovelieſt ornaments, in humble ſtile
Let *Paſtoral* appear. Let rhyme ſupply
The majeſty of nobler ſentiment,
Which ill might ſuit the peaſant. GAY felt this;
He baniſh'd from his woods Arcadian ſwains;
He mark'd the manners of the Britiſh hind,
And uncouth dialect. He too could veil
In fable's myſtic garb the form of truth;
And by his ſprightly tale could often draw

* Boileau, L'Art Poetique.

The

The tear of laughter even from the dim eye
Of churliſh gravity. Nor be forgot
The groteſque mirth of BUTLER's errant Knight,
Nor SWIFT, ſtrange child of fancy, and of ſpleen,
Nor he, whoſe labour'd line flows ſmoothly on,
The gallant, eaſy PRIOR. Subjects light,
Swoln by heroic phraſe, like ſome poor ſlave,
Who, robed in royal mantle, ſtruts his hour,
Betray their baſe original the more.
Pardon, my ANSTEY, that I name thee laſt,
Tho laſt, not leaſt in fame. For thee the Muſe
Reſerv'd a ſecret ſpot, unknown before,
And ſmiled, and bade thee fix thy banner there,
As erſt Columbus on his new-found world
Diſplay'd the Iberian enſign. Graceful ſit
Thy golden chains, and eaſy flows the rhyme

Spontaneous. While old Bladud's ſceptre guards
His medicinal ſtream, ſhall Simkin raiſe
Loud peals of merriment. Thou too canſt ſoar
To nobler heights, and deck the fragrant earth
" Where generous Ruſſel lies." With thee, my friend,
Oft have I ſtray'd from morn to lateſt eve,
And ſtoln from balmy ſleep the midnight hour
* To court the Latian Muſe. Tho other cares
Tore me from that ſweet ſocial intercourſe,
I cannot but remember how I rov'd
By Camus, ſedgy ſtream, and on the pipe,
The ruſtic pipe †, while yet it breath'd thy lips,
Eſſay'd alternate ſtrains. Accept this verſe,
Pledge of remembrance dear, and faithful love.

* This alludes to a Latin tranſlation of " Gray's Elegy in a Country " Church yard," written in conjunction with Mr. Anſtey, and printed in 1762.

† —— πνείει τὰ σὰ χείλεα. MOSCH.

THE

THE

POOR MAN's

PRAYER.

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

AN ELEGY.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1766.

THE

POOR MAN's

PRAYER, &c.

AMIDST the more important toils of state,
The counsels labouring in thy patriot soul,
Tho Europe from thy voice expect her fate,
And thy keen glance extend from pole to pole,

O CHATHAM, nurs'd in ancient virtue's lore,
To theſe ſad ſtrains incline a favouring ear;
Think on the GOD, whom Thou, and I adore,
Nor turn unpitying from *the Poor Man's Prayer.*

Ah me! how bleſt was once a peaſant's life!
No lawleſs paſſion ſwell'd my even breaſt;
Far from the roaring waves of civil ſtrife,
Sound were my ſlumbers, and my heart at reſt.

I ne'er for guilty, painful pleaſures rov'd;
But taught by nature, and by choice to wed,
From all the hamlet cull'd whom beſt I lov'd,
With her I ſhared my heart, with her my bed.

To gild her worth I aſk'd no wealthy dower,
My toil could feed her, and my arm defend;
I envied no man's riches, no man's power,
I aſk'd of none to give, of none to lend.

And ſhe, the faithful partner of my care,
When ruddy evening ſtreak'd the weſtern ſky,
Look'd towards the uplands, if her mate was there,
Or thro the beech-wood caſt an anxious eye:

Then, careful matron, heap'd the maple board
With ſavoury herbs, and pick'd the nicer part
From ſuch plain food as nature could afford,
Ere ſimple nature was debauch'd by art.

While I, contented with my homely cheer,
Saw round my knees our prattling children play;
And oft with pleas'd attention ſat to hear
The little hiſtory of their idle day.

But ah! how chang'd the ſcene! on the cold ſtones,
Where wont at night to blaze the chearful fire,
Pale famine ſits, and counts her naked bones,
Still ſighs for food, ſtill pines with vain deſire.

My faithful wife with ever-ſtreaming eyes
Hangs on my boſom her dejected head;
My helpleſs infants raiſe their feeble cries,
And from their father claim their daily bread.

Dear tender pledges of my honeſt love,
On that bare bed behold your brother lie;
Three tedious days with pinching want he ſtrove,
The fourth, I ſaw the helpleſs cherub die.

Nor long ſhall ye remain. With viſage ſour
Our tyrant lord commands us from our home;
And, arm'd with cruel law's coercive power,
Bids me and mine o'er barren mountains roam.

Yet never, CHATHAM, have I paſs'd a day
In riot's orgies, or in idle eaſe;
Ne'er have I ſquander'd hours in ſport and play,
Nor wiſh'd a pamper'd appetite to pleaſe.

Hard

Hard was my fare, and conſtant was my toil;
Still with the morning's orient light I roſe;
Fell'd the ſtout oak, or rais'd the lofty pile,
Parch'd in the ſun, in dark December froze.

Is it, that nature with a niggard hand
Withholds her gifts from theſe once-favour'd plains?
Has GOD, in vengeance to a guilty land,
Sent dearth and famine to her labouring ſwains?

Ah, no; yon hill, where daily ſweats my brow,
A thouſand flocks, a thouſand herds adorn;
Yon field, where late I drove the painful plough,
Feels all her acres crown'd with bending corn.

But what avails, that o'er the furrow'd ſoil
In autumn's heat the yellow harveſts riſe,
If artificial want elude my toil,
Untaſted plenty wound my craving eyes?

What profits, that at diſtance I behold
My wealthy neighbour's fragrant ſmoke aſcend,
If ſtill the griping cormorants withhold
The fruits which rain and genial ſeaſons ſend?

If thoſe fell vipers of the public weal
Yet unrelenting on our bowels prey;
If ſtill the curſe of penury we feel,
And in the midſt of plenty pine away?

In every port the veſſel rides ſecure,
Which wafts our harveſt to a foreign ſhore;
While we the pangs of preſſing want endure,
The ſons of ſtrangers riot on our ſtore.

O generous CHATHAM, ſtop thoſe fatal ſails;
Once more with outſtretch'd arm thy Britons ſave;
The unheeding crew but waits for favouring gales,
O ſtop them, e'er they ſtem the Etrurian wave.

So may thy languid limbs with ſtrength be brac'd,
And glowing health ſupport thy active ſoul;
With fair renown thy public virtue grac'd,
Far as thou bad'ſt Britannia's thunder roll,

Then

Then joy to thee, and to thy children peace,
The grateful hind ſhall drink from plenty's horn:
And while they ſhare the cultur'd land's increaſe,
The Poor ſhall bleſs the day when PITT was born.

ARIMANT

ARIMANT and TAMIRA,

AN

EASTERN TALE,

In the Manner of DRYDEN's FABLES.

Corrected from an Edition, firſt Publiſhed in
M.DCC.LVII.

ARIMAN T and TAMIRA*:

AN

EASTERN TALE.

WHERE rich *Golconda* flames with mines of gold,
There liv'd, as authors tell, in days of old,
A prince of noble birth, and mighty fame,
Brave, wiſe, and good; *Ydmodin* was his name.
Thro all the *Eaſt*, o'er *Aſia*'s wide domain,
Like him no monarch knew the art to reign.

* This tale is taken from a Paper in the Adventurer.

If to the field his valiant troops he led,
Before his arm united nations fled;
And when fair peace return'd ('twas peace he lov'd,)
His juſt decrees all ſought, for all approv'd.
So generous was this prince; his court ſo free
To every country, worſhip, or degree;
So ſplendid was his train; ſo deck'd his board
With all that earth, or air, or ſeas afford;
That diſtant nations join'd with one conſent
To ſtyle *Yamodin*, the Magnificent.
Twelve years were over, ſince his lovely bride
Was ſnatch'd untimely from this monarch's ſide.
Of all his numerous race, ſo fate ordain'd,
To fill *Golconda*'s throne no ſon remain'd.
One only daughter heaven vouchſaf'd to ſpare,
One only daughter was his darling care.

In her the father oft would weep to trace
The living features of a dearer face;
In her would gaze on his loſt conſort's charms,
And claſp the faithful image in his arms.

This nymph of whom I ſpeak, this gentle maid,
(Whoſe charms ſhould ne'er decay, nor virtues fade,
If ought my humble verſe might raiſe to fame,)
Was call'd TAMIRA from her mother's name.
In modeſt mien, in dignity of air,
Where was the virgin could with her compare;
In whom at once were join'd whate'er can pleaſe
Of grace, of motion, elegance, and eaſe?

Fair as ſhe was, and daughter of a throne,
Soon was her fame to neighbouring nations known.
From neighbouring nations rival princes ſtrove
To win TAMIRA's heart, and gain her love.

As each excell'd in fortune, arms, addreſs,
Some woo'd with bribes, and ſome with gentleneſs:
Some told her tales of battles loſt and won,
And bloody fields on t'other ſide the ſun.
From rich *Indoſtan* wealthy monarchs came,
And kings of *Viſapour*, a mighty name.
But good *Yamodin* ſoon compos'd the ſtrife,
And vow'd no ſtranger e'er ſhould call her wife;
Leſt fam'd *Golconda*, once of high renown,
Should ſhine a jewel in ſome foreign crown.
And yet, what broils may vex TAMIRA's reign,
Should ſhe a queen ſtill uneſpous'd remain?
Some haughty prince, ſhe once refus'd to wed,
May drag her captive to her conqueror's bed.
Or grant the Gods her happy days may bleſs
In peace with juſtice, and in arms, ſucceſs;

What hand, when ſhe's no more, the ſtate ſhall ſway?
What chief the headlong populace obey?
Perhaps, while rival lords aſpire to reign,
Th' unpeopled land may weep her children ſlain;
Or ſome proud *Raja* lead up all his powers,
And level with the duſt *Golconda*'s lofty towers.
What then remains but ſoon to match the fair,
And from her father's court adopt an heir?
Some youth, whoſe arm the ſinking realm may ſave;
And who ſo fit, as ARIMANT the brave?
To powerful kings was ARIMANT allied,
And, next their monarch, was the people's pride.
Oft from his eye the tear of pity ſtole,
For ſoft his heart, tho' dauntleſs was his ſoul.
Oft had he check'd his arm the foe to ſpare,
And wept when victor at the chance of war.

Long had this youth conceal'd a pleaſing pain,
Long fair TAMIRA lov'd, but lov'd in vain;
For tho TAMIRA burnt with equal fire,
Yet ſtill ſhe dreaded, as ſhe lov'd her ſire.
Now ſcenes of rapture open to their view
So like a dream, they ſcarce believe them true.
Fixt for their nuptials is the joyful day;
For life's uncertain pleaſures ſoon decay,
And bliſs that wooes our hand 'tis madneſs to delay.
O happy pair! for you thro all the court
'Tis feaſting, dancing, jollity, and ſport!
But ah! the ſhort-liv'd joys ſhall ſoon be o'er,
And mirth's wild revelry be heard no more!
Forth from the ſickly *South*'s contagious breath
Comes the dire Peſtilence, and ſcatters death:

She ſtands, and throws her deadly poiſons round,
With ſtride gigantic covering all the ground.
Vain is the voice of grief: in vain the cries
Of widows, mothers, orphans pierce the ſkies.
Ten nights in vain the watchful *Bramin* prays,
In vain obſerves the ſun ten tedious days.
What tho whole weeks with ſtill-uplifted hands
Each ſad *Faquir* in painful ſuppliance ſtands;
What, tho to hallow'd groves the ſaint retires,
And in his boſom claſps the ſacred fires;
A ſtronger poiſon taints the noiſome air,
And mighty RAM diſdains his votary's prayer.
What ranſom then can angry heaven demand?
What ſacrifice can ſave a guilty land?
Oft could the blood of *royal virgins* ſpare
Their lives in famine, and their troops in war;

Who knows but now, the offended Gods require
Some *royal virgin* ſhould again expire?
Swift thro the crowd the voice of tranſport flies,
'A *royal virgin*, every tongue replies;
'The ſacred rites prepare; a *royal virgin* dies.'

Soon the ſad tidings reach'd *Yamodin*'s ear;
'Twas what *Yamodin* long had learnt to fear.
What ſhall he do? No *virgin* but his own
Can boaſt alliance to *Golconda*'s throne.
Speechleſs he ſtood: at length recovering ſaid,
(And check'd a tear he ſeem'd aſham'd to ſhed,)
'What had I done, that I was doom'd to reign,
'Curs'd to this ſad pre-eminence of pain?
'How bleſt the ſlave, who plac'd beneath a crown,
'Shrinks at my nod, and trembles at my frown!

'He

'He undiſturb'd, his infant babes can ſee
'Smile in his face, or wanton on his knee:
'He ſits ſecure, and calls them all his own;
'Their blood a people's guilt can ne'er attone.
'But I—(O King, is this thy envied ſtate?)
'One only daughter muſt reſign to fate.
'Can I forget how to theſe arms ſhe flew,
'And told me every idle tale ſhe knew?
'For yet a child, with each affection free,
'Her little love was laviſh'd all on me.
'Duty matur'd what nature taught before,
'And growing years increas'd her fondneſs more.
'Yet ſhe muſt die. O thou, at whoſe command
'*Golconda* weeps, O ſave a ſinking land!
'Accept that life, for which her country calls,
'TAMIRA's life—'tis thine—to thee ſhe falls.'

The

The vow is paſt, when lo! the nymph appears;
Nor wild complaint ſhe pours, nor ſilent tears:
But calm content, mild joy, and heavenly grace
Shed their ſweet radiance o'er her lovely face.
At the ſad ſight again the parent's breaſt
Each tender thought with tenfold force poſſeſs'd:
All fear of injur'd heaven his ſoul forſook;
And, 'No; *thou ſhalt not die*;' was all he ſpoke.
'And canſt thou ſee me live,' TAMIRA ſaid,
'With all a people's curſes on my head?
'Of me ſhall every orphan aſk a ſire?
'Of me each mother a loſt ſon require?
'Of me ſhall every wife her lord implore?
'Die, die, TAMIRA; lord, ſire, ſon, reſtore.
'Yes, yes, I go to heal a nation's wound;
'A grateful nation ſhall my praiſe reſound:

'The

'The decent matron, each revolving year,
'Shall o'er my aſhes ſhed a pious tear;
'The *Bramins* too, as feaſtful days return,
'Shall hang the golden tiſſue on mine urn;
'On which with curious ſkill ſome artiſt draws
'A princeſs bleeding in her country's cauſe.
'Calm and undaunted to thoſe realms I go,
'Where virtuous ſouls a happier manſion know;
'Thence ſoon, if ought of truth our ſages ſay,
'Burſt forth triumphant and return to day!'
'Then be it ſo; and thus;' the monarch ſaid,
'Thus to grim death I doom thy guiltleſs head.
'Thou heard'ſt, my child, a parent's voice before,
'Now hear thy prince; the parent is no more.
'*Prepare; to-morrow, virgin, is the day*
'*When thou to heaven thy forfeit life muſt pay:*

Virgin,

'*Virgin, prepare; myſelf the rites will ſpeed,*

'*Conduct the pomp, and ſee the victim bleed.*'

Then round her bending neck his arms he threw,

Embrac'd her thrice, and thrice pronounc'd, adieu.

Where now is ARIMANT? what art can ſave

His fond, his lov'd TAMIRA from the grave?

All wild, and frantick to the crowd he flies;

Still the mad crowd, *a royal victim*, cries.

Thence, reckleſs where he went, in mere deſpair

He ſought the court, for all he lov'd was there.

He found TAMIRA with extatic eyes,

And hands erect, commercing with the ſkies.

Her ſoul, refin'd from paſſion's baſe alloy,

Seem'd wrapt in viſions of ſeraphic joy:

Thus fixt ſhe ſtood, and breath'd her fervent pray'r;

He, with a look of love, and wild deſpair,

O'er

O'er her enamour'd hung in ſilent grief;
No tear burſt forth to give his ſoul relief:
Then, when a ſigh the obſtructed paſſage broke,
Fondly he preſs'd her hand, and gently ſpoke.
'And is it thus my faireſt hopes are croſs'd?
'My ſcenes of bliſs, are thus the phantoms loſt?
'Oh, no; we cannot, muſt not, will not part!
'Come, let me claſp thee to my doating heart.
'Not look, my love,—'tis ARIMANT is near:
'Not ſpeak—'tis ARIMANT's fond voice you hear!'
'Go, go, vain man,' at length TAMIRA ſaid,
'For I am ſentenc'd to another's bed.
'The clay-cold grave ſhall claſp me in his arms,
'The worm ſhall riot on theſe lifeleſs charms.
'Go, go, vain man; the Gods demand my breath,
'My King has paſs'd the vow, and welcome death!'

'Yet ſtill,' the youth replied, 'yet ſtill remains
'One gleam of hope, one medicine for our pains:
'Let's inſtant wed; that when the prieſt ſhall ſtand,
'And o'er thee raiſe his unrelenting hand;
'Myſelf may ſnatch thee from the altar's ſide,
'No more a virgin, but a lawful bride.
'The hour that ſav'd his child thy ſire will bleſs,
'And date from this ſad day his future happineſs!'
'No, I will die,' the royal maid replied,
'Leave me; for ſure my heart is ſorely tried.
'Yet ſtay, and hear my laſt, my parting prayer,
'May'ſt thou be happy in another fair!
'When ſhe ('twas once *my* wiſh) thy hours beguiles
'With ſweet complacence, and obedient ſmiles,
'May'ſt thou tranſported read her beauties o'er,
'And never think of poor TAMIRA more.'

But ſhould I tell how much the lover ſaid
To woo his miſtreſs to the bridal bed:
Or how TAMIRA, melting by degrees,
Thought death more grim, as life began to pleaſe:
All this would ſtretch the limits of my ſong,
And well I ween my tale's already long.
By vows, by ſighs, by tears, the prince prevail'd;
Her thirſt of fame, her patriot courage fail'd;
The prieſt all trembling ſpoke the bleſſing o'er,
And join'd their hands, whoſe hearts were join'd before.
Now evening ſhades had chas'd the ſun away,
And ſilent gloom eclips'd the lamp of day.
Thro that ſtill gloom the *Muſe* nor pours her light,
Nor pries into the myſteries of the night.
She waits till morn from yonder hill ariſe
To wake the verdant earth, and chear the ſkies.

Nor

Nor ſtops ſhe now, to tell the long array
Of prieſts, and nobles, darkening all the way;
What hymns the virgins ſung, what tears they ſhed,
To weep the living princeſs, as the dead;
But opes the ſacred ſhrine with magic hands,
Where at the altar's foot the victim ſtands.
Veil'd in his robe, the monarch turns aſide;
Nor knows he yet TAMIRA is a bride.
The labouring *Bramin* with extatic ſtare,
His eyes all haggard, and erect his hair,
Lifts o'er the *virgin*'s neck his ſacred knife;
'Spare her,' cries ARIMANT, '*O ſpare my wife*;
'*Golconda*'s injur'd Gods demand a *virgin life*.'
As ere hoarſe thunders rend the troubled ſky,
Ere lightning's forked darts begin to fly,

A gloomy

A gloomy ſilence reigns o'er all the air;
Yet horrors dark the approaching ſtorm declare:
So ſilent long the offended monarch ſtood,
But on his brow was ſeen the gathering cloud.
Silent he left the ſhrine. Now, hapleſs bride,
How doſt thou wiſh the nuptial knot untied!
Yet on thyſelf no thought haſt thou to ſpare;
The gentle ARIMANT is all thy care.
Prophetic are thy fears: for lo! a band
(Each bears a falchion glittering in his hand,)
Of truſty guards, with threatening voice they cry,
'This hour let ARIMANT prepare to die!'
Thus ſpake the ſavage miniſters of fate,
And drag'd him ſtruggling to the priſon gate.
Soon as TAMIRA heard the fatal ſound,
All pale ſhe lay, and breathleſs on the ground.

At length ſhe ſtarts, ſhe wakes: I ſee her riſe,
And round the temple throw her anxious eyes.
Ah! poor TAMIRA, cloſe thoſe eyes again;
'Thy ARIMANT is gone. The griping chain
'Has fix'd that gallant warrior to the ground;
'Supine he lies, and waits the fatal wound.'
Her conſort's doom when ſad TAMIRA knew,
Swift to the preſence of her ſire ſhe flew:
He ſaw her come, but look'd aſide, and frown'd;
He ſaw her kneel, nor rais'd her from the ground.
'Save him, O ſave my love,' the mourner ſaid,
'Pour all thy vengeance on this wretched head.
'I, only I, have ſinn'd; my blood alone
'That guilt can expiate, which is all my own.
'Perhaps the Gods may yet accept my life,
'*No ſpotleſs virgin, but a loyal wife.*

'When

'When theſe poor weeping eyes ſhall ſleep in peace,
'Perhaps the inſatiate peſtilence may ceaſe.
'If to your ſoul my mother's name was dear,
'If e'er your daughter's voice could charm your ear,
'If e'er affection's tender ties could move,
'O kill TAMIRA; but O ſave my love.'

To all her plaints no word the king replied,
But wav'd his hand; and thus again the bride.

'Since he muſt die, one only wiſh is mine;
'Let the ſame urn our mingled duſt enſhrine.
'Fearleſs I'll ruſh to claſp him in the fire,
'And in his arms a faithful wife expire.
'Happy the dame of *Coromandel*'s coaſt!
'She never there laments a huſband loſt;
'But with his aſhes to one grave deſcends,
'Her faith applauded by ſurrounding friends:

'O'er her, while yet alive, thoſe friends prolong
'The feſtive dances, and triumphal ſong.
'Nor does *Golconda* to her brides deny
'With their lov'd lords in funeral pomp to lie.
'But ah! while others with their conſorts ſleep,
'Why ſhould the royal widow live, and weep?
'Full well I know, *Yamodin*, to ſurvive
'A huſband loſt is our prerogative;
'Yet let me die; and dying let me prove
'That royal hearts are not aſham'd to love.'
Silent the monarch ſtands, but nods aſſent;
Nor even her inſtant death can make his heart relent.
Now to young ARIMANT the muſe returns;
Still hopeleſs ARIMANT in priſon mourns.
Chain'd on the ground the proſtrate warrior lies,
And with deſpair, and rage indignant cries;

'Thus

'Thus does our king his loyal ſoldiers pay,
'Who toil'd for him in many a well-fought day?
'Have I for this ſo oft diſtain'd thy flood,
'O *Ganges*, ſacred ſtream, with hoſtile blood?
'Did I for this *Bengala*'s monarch wound,
'And cleave his hundred *Omrahs* to the ground?
'Ere yet an hour, this heart, of life the ſeat,
'Dry'd all its channels, ſhall forget to beat.
'Nor thou, TAMIRA, whom the rites divine,
'Had tyrants mercy, made for ever mine,
'Nor thou TAMIRA ſhall attend my doom,
'And lay thy murder'd huſband in the tomb.'
Scarce had he ſpoke, when fair TAMIRA came,
And heard her ARIMANT repeat her name.
'Yes, yes, my ARIMANT, I go,' ſhe cries,
'To wait on all thy funeral obſequies;

'Yes, I will ſee thee fall; yet mark my love,
'Think not a tear TAMIRA's faith ſhall prove;
'Think not I'll hang lamenting o'er thine urn,
'And thence to life, and life's vain joys, return;
'No, ARIMANT; with thee I mean to die:
'What grants my father, will my love deny?'
But now the hour was come; the truſty band,
That ſeiz'd him firſt, his forfeit life demand.
'O ſtay, ye cruel, ſtay,' TAMIRA cries,
'Let me once more embrace him, ere he dies.
'And muſt he die!—Oh! no; again I'll go,
'Again, (he will not ſtill deſpiſe my woe,)
'Kneel at my father's feet.—Stay, cruel, ſtay;
'Touch not my love beſure, while I'm away.'—
Thus ſhe diſtracted. But the youth, who ſaw
How reaſon bow'd to love's ſuperior law,

Saw paſſion all her boaſted ſtrength controul,
With words of comfort calm'd her troubled ſoul.
Now, but my bark is haſtening to the ſhore,
I'd count the croud, and tell the legions o'er,
That wait to ſee their beſt-lov'd hero fall,
Each ſigh I'd number, and each groan recall:
But the ſad pomp I paſs in ſilence by:
Short was his parting prayer: to that, what eye
The tear of honeſt pity could deny?
With unaverted look, with ſoul ſerene
He view'd the horrors of this fatal ſcene;
Stretch'd to the lifted ſteel his graceful head,
And at one ſtroke was number'd with the dead.
TAMIRA ſaw his trunk all drench'd in blood,
And pauſing o'er his yet-warm relicks ſtood.

Then from a golden urn began to pour
Freſh water o'er his limbs, and cleanſe the clotted gore.
With her own hair ſhe wip'd each ſtain away,
And kiſs'd a thouſand times the unconſcious clay.
'Haſte, O ye lingering *Bramins*, haſte,' ſhe ſaid;
Strait on the pyre his breathleſs corpſe was laid.
There myrrh, and coſtly frankincenſe ſhe threw,
Each fragrant herb that drinks the morning dew,
Sweet-ſmelling woods that odorous gums exhale,
And ſpices, ſcented by the *Arabian* gale.
Then to the pile a flaming torch applied,
Stretch'd out her naked arms, and wildly cried:
'I come, I come—what means that hollow groan?
'Nay, ARIMANT, you ſhall not lie alone.
'Chide not, my love; TAMIRA will not ſtay;
'We'll mount together to the realms of day:

'Together

'Together to celeſtial climes we'll ſoar,
'Where cruel fathers ne'er ſhall part us more.'
She ſaid, and ruſhing to the impetuous fire,
Embrac'd her conſort on the blazing pyre.
There, ſoon to duſt conſum'd, the lovers lay;
Part the rude winds bore unperceiv'd away:
One urn inclos'd the reſt: reſounding fame
To earth's remoteſt bounds convey'd their name.
Reſt, faithful lovers, by each other's ſide,
Whoſe laſting union death could ne'er divide,
O could the *Muſe* ſhed odours on your tomb,
Sweet as the balms which *Eaſtern* vales perfume!
Sweet as the flowrets of a thouſand dyes
That deck the ground where * *Sigiſmonda* lies.

* Alluding to Dryden's tale of *Sigiſmonda* and *Guiſcardo*.

Yet,

Yet, friendly paſſenger, one boon I crave;
Pray you tread ſoftly o'er their peaceful grave.
By you, fond ſwains, a paſſing ſigh be paid
To gentle ARIMANT's unhappy ſhade.
And ye, ſoft nymphs, whoſe ſorrows oft o'erflow
At the ſad ſtory of another's woe,
Your kind concern let poor TAMIRA prove,
And read, with tendereſt tears, her tale of hapleſs love.

TO

TO

JACOB BRYANT, Eſq;

I.

THE Sophiſt ſpins his ſubtle thread;
On *liberty* and *fate*,
With heart deprav'd, and puzzled head,
Prolongs the dull debate;
Till Virtue, Truth, his Saviour, and his God,
By Metaphyſic's mighty lore
At once loſe all their eſſence, all their power,
Charm'd to eternal ſleep by that magician's rod.

II.

O ſhame to proſtituted parts!
Was time, was genius given,
To darken by diſhoneſt arts
The clear decrees of heaven?
Tell me, my BRYANT, burns not all thy ſoul
With indignation's holy zeal?
Tell me, thou Patriot of the Chriſtian weal,
Feel'ſt not, ſecure thyſelf, what dangers wait the *Whole*?

III.

Thou do'ſt. To vindicate the ways
Of God to Man, is thine:
And all thy nights, and all thy days
In Truth's neglected mine,
By thee diſcover'd in theſe later times,
Thine hand digs deep for ſolid ore,
The hard-earn'd treaſure ſpeeds to many a ſhore,
And claims its honour due, the praiſe of diſtant climes.

IV. Where'er

IV.

Where'er thou com'ſt, diſcerning Sage,
Detected Falſhood flies;
Tho ſanctified by many an age,
The creed of Centuries.
Thy torch is rais'd, and lo! the hiſtoric Mute
Rears from the duſt her mangled head,
Tells the true ſtory of her mighty dead,
And thro each peopled land her wandering tribes purſues.

V.

Now ſtronger grows the blaze of light;
The darkneſs melts away
Which wrapt Ægyptian realms in night,
And long obſcur'd their day.
In vain from Ham's wiſe ſons did Greece of old
Aſpire to tear Invention's crown;
In vain ſhe hoped to fix a ſure renown
On tales of dragon's teeth, and fabled fleece of gold.

VI. The

VI.

The charm is o'er. Thou to her ſource
Dark Error firſt didſt trace:
Thou marking all her winding courſe
Shalt free the human race
From prejudice, imbibed in earlieſt youth;
And ſweeping all the miſts away
Which Fiction rais'd to lead thy ſteps aſtray,
Firm on her blazing throne ſhalt fix *Hiſtoric Truth.*

VII.

Proceed, my friend; ſo ſhalt thou find
In theſe dark paths thy God:
His works, his word, with ſteady mind
From ſtern oppreſſion's rod,
From quibbling words, from lying lips retrieve;
And while thou talk'ſt of ancient days
Erect memorials to Jehovah's praiſe,
Till Sceptics ceaſe to doubt, and Infidels believe.

TO

G. A. SARGENT, Eſq.

On his Leaving ETON SCHOOL.

SINCE now a nobler ſcene awakes thy care,
Since manhood dawning, to fair Granta's towers,
Where once in life's gay ſpring I loved to roam,
Invites thy willing ſteps; accept, dear youth,
This parting ſtrain; accept the fervent prayer
Of him, who loves thee with a paſſion pure
As ever Friendſhip drop'd in human heart,
The prayer, that he who guides the hand of youth

Thro'

Thro all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meandring path, upon thy head
May ſhower down every bleſſing, every joy,
Which health, which virtue, and which fame can give.
Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee:
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a ſpurious glow
At undeſerved praiſe? Periſh the ſlave
Whoſe venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poiſon'd flattery, and corrupts the ſoul
With vain conceit; whoſe baſe ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice, which ſome with honeſt hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breaſt.
Say, gentle youth, remember'ſt thou the day
When o'er thy tender ſhoulders firſt I hung

The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch the accordant ſtrings? From that bleſt hour
I've ſeen thee panting up the hill of fame;
Thy little heart beat high with honeſt praiſe:
Thy cheek was flufh'd; and oft thy ſparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breaſt.
Sweet is the concord of harmonious ſounds,
When the ſoft lute, or pealing organ ſtrikes
The well-attempered ear; ſweet is the breath
Of honeſt love, when nymph and gentle ſwain
Waft ſighs alternate to each other's heart:
But nor the concord of harmonious ſounds,
When the ſoft lute, or pealing organ ſtrikes
The well-attemper'd ear; nor the ſweet breath
Of honeſt love, when nymph and gentle ſwain

Waft ſighs alternate to each other's heart,
So charm with raviſhment the raptured ſenſe,
As does the voice of well-deſerved report
Strike with ſweet melody the conſcious ſoul.
On every object thro the giddy world
Which faſhion to thy dazzled eye preſents,
Freſh is the gloſs of newneſs; look, dear youth,
Oh look, but not admire: O let not theſe
Raſe from thy noble heart the fair records
Which youth and education planted there.
Let not affection's full impetuous tide,
Which riots in thy generous breaſt, be check'd
By ſelfiſh cares; nor let the idle jeers
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyſelf
When didſt thou hear a tender tale of woe,
And feel thy heart at reſt? Have I not ſeen

In thy ſwoln eye the tear of ſympathy,
The milk of human kindneſs? When didſt thou
With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd?
When didſt thou ſlight the wretched? when deſpiſe
The modeſt humble ſuit of poverty?
Theſe virtues ſtill be thine; nor ever learn
To look with cold eye on the charities
Of brother, or of parents; think on thoſe
Whoſe anxious care thro childhood's ſlippery path
Suſtain'd thy feeble ſteps; whoſe every wiſh
Is wafted ſtill to thee; remember thoſe,
Even in thy heart while memory holds her ſeat,
And oft as to thy mind thou ſhalt recall
The ſweet companions of thy earlieſt years,
Mates of thy ſport, and rivals in the ſtrife
Of every generous art, remember me.

F I N I S.

Lately Publiſhed,

IN TWO VOLUMES,

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